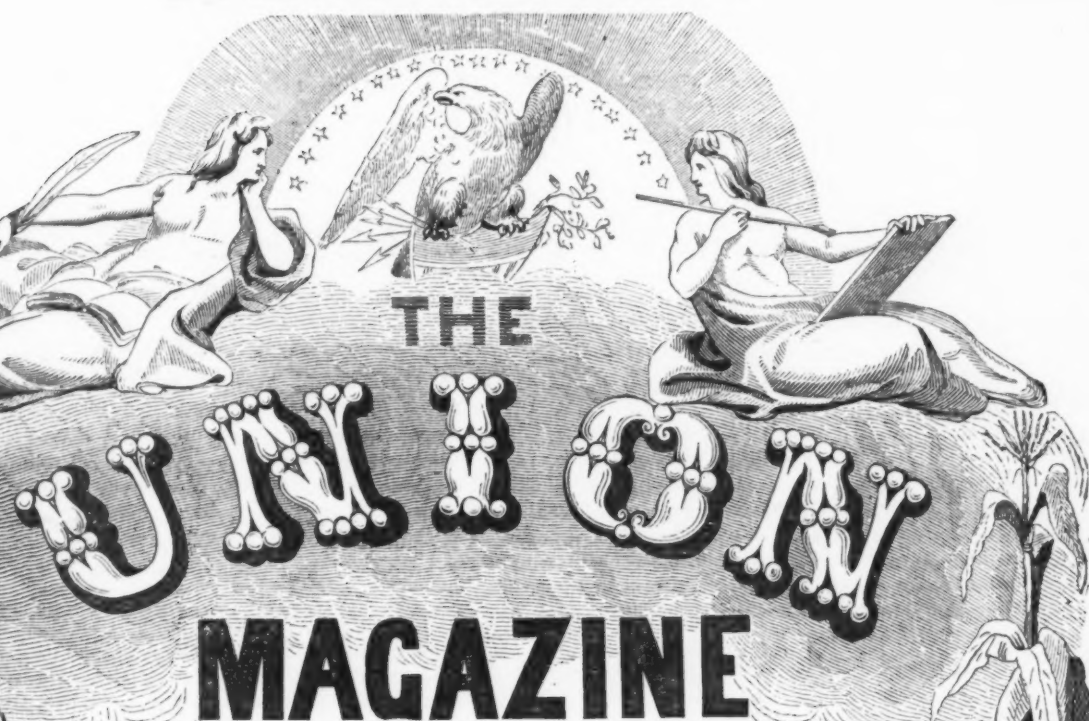


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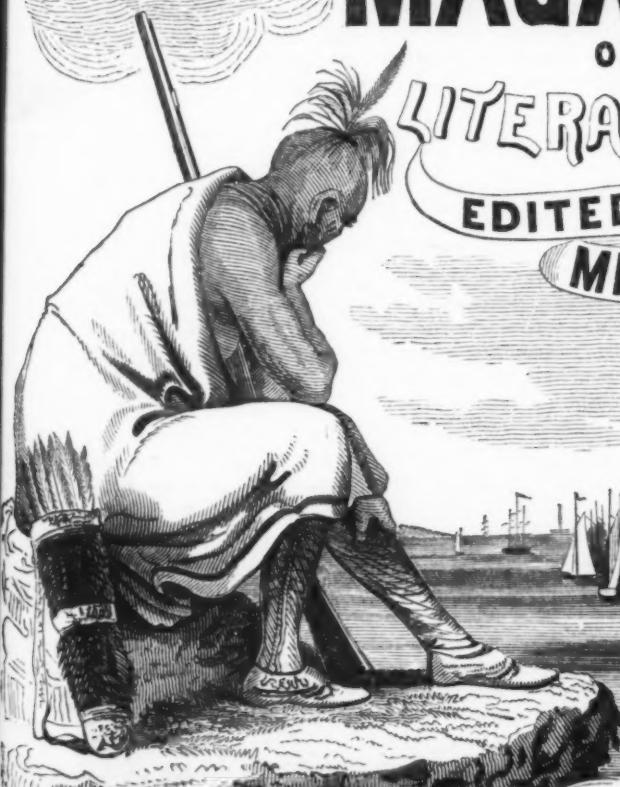


THE
UNION
MAGAZINE

OF
LITERATURE & ART.

EDITED BY

MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND



SEPT., 1847.

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THE UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.—Edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. July, 1847. Vol. I., No. 1. Israel Post. New-York.—This is a beautiful monthly—surpassing in general appearance, type, paper, etc., even Graham, Godey, or the Columbian. It is embellished with three plates: a fashion-plate—a superb mezzotint, representing the “Fall of Lieut.-Col. H. Clay, Jr.,” at Buena Vista—a line engraving, representing a home scene of agony and sorrow, entitled, “News from the War.”—*Cleveland Daily Plain Dealer, Cleveland, Ohio.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—This eagerly-expected and beautiful visitant has just touched our table. The name of Mrs. Kirkland, the best female painter of human nature and scenes of real life (to say nothing of her *rather* lively imagination) in our country, gives the publication credentials of unrivalled trustworthiness. Within, her pen has left its own vivid and beautiful traces. Popular as the other fashionable magazines are, here is a rival which will require all their nerve to keep pace with it. Its new and clear type, polished paper and elegant engravings, create a prepossession in its favor, which the contributions of Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Child, Miss Gould, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Embury and John Neal, by no means disappoint. The engravings are beautiful, but are sad, and have a sad though necessary moral. The editress (pardon the awkward word) has commenced a series of “Western Sketches,” illustrated with wood-cuts, which will alone make the fortune of the work.—*New England Weekly Review, Hartford, Conn.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.—We have received the first number of this new magazine; and we are happy to see, from an examination, that it fully sustains the high character we anticipated for it. The rapid strides towards popularity made by the Columbian, furnishes a guarantee that the “Union Magazine,” by the same publisher that established the former, will take its stand in the front ranks of popular favor. With an enterprising publisher, an editor of Mrs. Kirkland’s capacities, and an array of brilliant contributors, this new magazine cannot fail of success. We are pleased to see that Mr. Post means to give it an *American* caste—a characteristic which conduces in a great measure to give the Columbian the character it attained under his administration. The engravings in the first number are superb—“The fall of Lieut. Henry Clay, Jr.,” and “News from the War.”—*Delaware Express, Delhi, N. Y.*

“THE UNION MAGAZINE,” is the title of a new literary magazine, of 48 pages, price \$3.00, published by Israel Post, and edited by Mrs. Kirkland, better known as Mary Clavers. The first number is a beautiful specimen of typography, and, what is better, filled with articles of literary merit, and good moral character, from several of the best writers—chiefly female—in the country. Mrs. Kirkland has a most graceful pen, and her productions evince an order of merit which cannot fail to

render her connection with the magazine invaluable. We shall expect a work of higher literary merit, and more unexceptionable moral tone, from the editorship of so accomplished a writer, and so estimable a character, than has yet appeared in our magazine annuals.—*New-York Evangelist.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—This new candidate for popular favor is edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, a lady who has no superior among the female writers in the country. The Union Magazine is handsomely embellished, and contains a large amount of reading matter, contributed by the most popular writers. Under the able management of its editor, and supported by the pens of its distinguished contributors, it must and will succeed in receiving a large share of that popularity which it deserves.—*Louisville Daily Journal, Louisville, Ky.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.—Edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, and published by Israel Post, 140 Nassau-st.

Mrs. Kirkland’s new magazine is now lying before us, with strong claims to public attention; its general appearance, (paper, typography, etc.) is in exquisite taste. The engravings are numerous, well-chosen and well-executed, and the contributions are from established pens; while the name of the editor is a host in itself. Mrs. Kirkland has few superiors as a *litterateur* among her countrywomen. Her talents are vigorous and varied, while her acquirements are accurate and extensive. Under her conduct, it will be quite impossible for the work *not* to succeed. As regards capital, we know that it is securely based. Upon the whole, great expectations are formed respecting the “Union,” and they will unquestionably be realized. In looking over the opening number we are struck, first with the exquisite taste displayed externally, and next by the variety and value of the articles. Many of these latter are truly admirable. Mrs. Child’s “Emigrant Boy,” is written as only Mrs. Child can write. Mrs. Osgood furnishes a graceful and touching poem. Then we have, besides, papers by Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Goodman, Mrs. Ellet, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Gould, John Neal, W. A. Jones, Lanman, Woodworth, &c. &c.—*New-York Tribune.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.—Edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland—published by Israel Post, 140 Nassau-street.—We have great pleasure in announcing the first number of a new magazine, edited by Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland, author of “A New Home,” and several other popular volumes—a lady whose talents and varied accomplishments have been long and universally admitted. The public have a right to expect a great deal from Mrs. Kirkland, and its expectations will no doubt be fulfilled. The publishing department will by no means suffer in the hands of Mr. Post, who is well known, also, as the former publisher of the “Columbian.” He brings to the new enterprise a fund of experience and unexampled perseverance.

(See third page cover.)





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THE
UNION MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1847.

THE KNIGHT'S RETURN.

A Legend of the Marches.

BY HENRY WM. HERBERT.

Author of "The Roman Traitor," "Marmaduke Wyvil," "Cromwell," "The Brothers," etc., etc.

MIDWAY the ascent of a steep, bleak-headed hill—it might almost be called a mountain—in a wild but beautiful district of Northumberland, there stood, in the earlier part of the fourteenth century, a stately Norman castle, with its square, turretted keep, its flanking walls and gate-house, its moat sweeping around the base of its ramparts, and its castellated barbican without, covering the approaches to the drawbridge.

Its ruins stand there yet: the huge keep rifted and gray, and weather-beaten, and partially over-run with luxuriant ivy; the walls broken into irregular, picturesque masses, on which the blue bells, and the red and yellow wall-flower, wave in rich beauty; and the deep hollow, formerly occupied by the waters of the protecting moat, now clothed with deep, soft greensward, with here a tuft of broom, and there an old gnarled thornbush, chequering its verdant sides.

But in the days of which I write, nor ivy wreath, nor moss, nor waving wall-flower, was permitted to encroach upon the solid squareness of the well-kept masonry; not a tree nor bush was allowed to grow within arrow flight of the out-works, lest it should lend a covert to the approaches of an enemy.

Yet even in those days, the view commanded by its towering donjon was beautiful, as it was extensive, though not then, as now, glowing a very garden of the richest cultivation. Through the valley, at the foot of the long base-slope, the little

river Coquet, clear and rapid, and brim-full, swept in fine winding curves through richly-wooded banks, toward the sea, into which it falls at a mile's distance. Right opposite its mouth, a little way out, the isle of the same name displayed its hermit cell, and its lofty tower, not then ruins; while northward, the grand castellated piles of Bamborough, and Dunstanborough, looked down, like feudal warriors, over the subject shores, and the wild surf of the northern sea, thundering incessantly over the reefs and sandbars of that inhospitable coast.

It was a wild winter evening, but a few days before Christmas; the pale and cheerless sun had sunk, perhaps, half an hour, behind the distant summits of the Cheviot hills, which loomed up almost black against the streak of yellow light, which relieved alike their massive outlines, and the deep purple clouds, which covered the whole firmament, from the eastern to the western horizon.

The wind blew heavily, but fitfully, from the northeast, bringing in the tremendous roar of the huge surges, which it was heaping on the rocks of that iron coast.

So fierce were its blasts at moments, that the few trees, which were scattered over the open moorlands, if too old or too stubborn to bend before its violence, were shattered or uprooted; the wild deer, and scarce less wild cattle of the hills, had fled to the sheltered glens, which might best shield them from the weather.

Sea-fowl of all kinds, terns, great gray gulls, and now and then an osprey, or sea-eagle, might be seen far inland. Everything, in a word, portended the near approach of a great storm; and whenever the wind lulled for a little space, broad-scattered snow-flakes would come whirling down in the momentary calm, although none lay as yet even on the distant mountain.

Still, in spite of the chill and cutting gusts, which seemed as if they would at times dislodge him from his saddle, a single rider, armed from head to heel in the plate and mail of the day, continued to press his spur-galled and weary horse, over the bleak, bare hills, which lay to the north-westward of the castle, through the combined perils of storm and darkness.

It was a tall and powerfully-built man, with a keen, gray eye, and handsome features, so far as they could be discerned under the dark shadow cast upon them by his raised *avantaille*. His seat in his demipique was easy and graceful, betokening long habit and skill, which had become to him, as it were, second nature; yet he sat not erect, nor was his foot very firm in the stirrup. On the contrary, his head was bent forward, almost painfully, over his saddle-bow; and at any irregular movement of his horse, he wavered, as if it cost him an effort to preserve his balance.

On a closer view it would have been seen that his rich armor was much backed and defaced, and the surcoat, which he had worn over it, literally rent and cut almost to tatters. Several of the rivets of his cuirass and gorget had given way, and a dark stream of blood had flowed down over his corslet, and hardened upon the bright surface, from beneath the spaldron, which had proved, it would seem, but an inefficient defence to his left shoulder.

He had no lance, and the hammer at arms, or mace, was absent from its place on the right of the saddle-bow; but the battle-axe, which was wont to counterbalance it, hung by its chain from the pommel, literally crusted and clogged with gore. The hilt and scabbard of his great two-handed sword was in the same condition, and it was evident that he had recently been engaged in desperate conflict, and that neither he nor his horse had come forth unwounded.

There was an eagerness in his manner too, and in every motion of his hand or body, which indicated anxiety to get forward on his way. It did not appear to be caused by any apprehension of aught behind him, for he never turned his head to look back or listen, though oftentimes he strained his eyes into the darkening twilight before him, and seemed to exert every sense to gather information of that which should meet him on his way, or greet him on his arrival. The night had already set in, dark and solid, as he reached the crest of

the hill, on the opposite side of the Coquet from the castle. Many lights were visible from the large windows in the upper part of the great keep, and from the loops and shot holes of the exterior works, and he pulled up his jaded horse for a moment on the summit, to read, if possible, the tidings of the times from the mute language of those shining rays.

They all burned clear and steady; they were all stationary; and his accustomed eye discovered readily that they were neither more nor less numerous than usual.

Suddenly, while he stood at gaze, a deep, dull clang, was borne to his ears by the night wind, again and again the long continuous toll of a heavy bell.

At the first note the rider started, and made a motion with his hand toward the hilt of his sword; but as in regular time, with nothing of alarm or hurry in its monotonous and solemn cadence, the deep peel swelled on, he withdrew his hand, ere it had touched the weapon, and raised it thankfully toward heaven.

As he did so, a moving light came forth from one of the turrets on the flanking walls, and passed slowly along the battlements, pausing from time to time, and then proceeding again on its ordered march.

"No! no!" he muttered to himself, "our lady be thanked, there is no alarm, and I have but disquieted myself in vain. That is the curfew, and the warder is even now relieving guard. But come, Halidon," he added, rousing his charger gently with the spur, "come, my good horse, we will soon learn the tidings; and a good bed and a full manger shall repay thy gallant bearing. Come, my good horse," and he patted the neck of the noble animal with his gauntleted hand, and, as he did so, his heart beat lightlier in his bosom than it had done for many an hour. Yet, as he cantered down the long descent, his mind still misgave him something, and he muttered under his thick moustache, "And yet it is strange—passing strange—what Robin of Redesdale and Hugh of Umfraville should have been about, so far in the hills; and who should have slain them?"

And, as the thought galled him, he pricked more sharply down the hill, and soon galloped over the bridge that spanned the bright Coquet, and spurred up the slope toward the glacis of the castle.

Arrived, at length, within a hundred yards of the barbican, he drew his rein, and raising his ivory-tipped bugle to his lips, blew a long, clear blast, ending with a peculiar flourish.

There was a momentary silence, and then a trumpet on the battlements of the keep took up the same strain, replying to the summons. Lights were seen glancing rapidly from window to win-

dow; torches were brought out on the battlements, and their light was flashed back in long gleams from the polished armor of the men who bore them. After a minute or two thus consumed, a bustle was heard on the barbican; the creaking of the *pont levis*, mixed with the clank of chains, followed, and, as soon as the bridge had fallen, the tramp of armed feet on the hollow-sounding planks, and the jingling clash of harness, told that the garrison was about to man the outer walls, either as a precaution against surprise, or to do honor to the summoner of the keep.

Then cressets and torches blazed on the platform above the gates, and a loud voice cried, above the din and clang of preparation,—

“Who seeks admittance at this dead hour, with so loud summoning?”

“I,” replied the knight, in a clear voice,—“I, Amelot de Mitford. Open to your liege lord and master.”

A loud shout made answer to the words, and the gate, which, though held in hand, had been previously unbarred, was thrown open, displaying a long vaulted passage, and the drawbridge at the farther extremity, all lighted up, till they were as clear as day, by the red glare of the torches, held aloft by a double line of stalwart yeomen, all armed with their national weapons—the bill and bow which had conquered so many a bloody field—who lined the barbican.

Without a word, the knight stooped his stately crest, and rode under the sounding arch, and across the drawbridge, into the great court of the castle. There a crowd of horse-boys, and pages, and one or two esquires of low degree, gathered around him to take his bridle-rein, to hold his stirrup as he dismounted, and to do all due honor to their lord and castellan.

Looks of wonder were exchanged, however, among the group, at the weary and wounded plight of both horse and rider; and it was evident that, had not respect or awe held them mute, their curiosity and surprise would have found utterance in a host of questions.

He did not dismount, however, as they expected that he would, but gazed eagerly and wistfully about, as if in search of some known face. After a moment, he cried, without addressing himself to any of those present:

“Damian, what, ho! Damian! where is my brother, varlets?”

“Sir Damian got to horse and rode, as we heard them say, toward Jedburgh, in search of adventure, after he had dined at high noon, to-day, Sir Amelot,” replied the elder of the squires who stood around him.

“Ha! and whom took he in his train? How many spears, good Hugo? There is danger afoot on the marches.”

“Nay, my lord, he took no men-at-arms, save his old squire, Matthew FitzHugh, and the boy Gilbert. He counted to return by evening to-morrow.”

“Rash, rash!” cried Amelot de Mitford. “Toward Jedburgh, too. Well, sith it is so, it cannot be mended,” and with the words he sprang down from his steel-plated saddle. “Soh! lead roan Halidon to his stall,” he continued, “let him be tended well, and his cuts looked to. Bathe his fetlocks in old red wine, and let Raoul bind up the deep gash in his shoulder with some of the Syrian balsam from Palestine. See to it, Hugo; and you, Emeric, bear me a light and a stoup of wine into the little hall; and you, Stephen, fetch me the seneschal as speedily as may be, and bid the leech bring me some lint and salve—a Scottish spear-point has found the joint of my spaldron, and grazed my shoulder—a mere scratch, but the loss of blood has made me fainter than my wont.”

The young men bowed, and obeyed in silence; for though they were burning to know the result of the skirmish, which they perceived had been fought with the Scots, and to learn the fate of their comrades, it was evident that their fear of their lord was greater than their curiosity, and they patiently awaited the moment when it should please him to speak.

Nor was it the squires only who were thus embarrassed; for Sir Amelot himself, as it required no very acute eye to discern, had much that he desired to know, but which he did not choose to enquire from any of those present.

He strode, therefore, sternly and silently up stairs, to the little hall, as it was termed—a low-browed, stone-arched room, and then casting himself into an arm-chair of carved oak, waited in deep and dark anxiety the arrival of the old seneschal.

It was not long ere he made his appearance—a tall, thin, venerable-looking man, with snow-white hair, in a furred velvet doublet.

“Ha! what is this, old man? whither and why rode Damian forth with so slight following? I fear me he hath run into some peril. The Douglass is in force across the marches. I met with his outriders, twice my own force, nigh Wauchope, this high noon; and though I beat them back, with thrice ten saddles empty, and slew Gilbert Armstrong with my own hand, they thinned my party somewhat, and wounded me. But for all that, I had not turned my head homeward, had it not been for some words the Armstrong spoke, as he breathed his last, which put fire into my heart. Speak, why rode Damian forth?”

“Why, you must know, Sir Amelot, he had gone forth at matins to fly his hawk by the river, and when he returned, at high-noon, and learned what message had come for the lady Evelyn, and

how she had ridden homeward, he said only that he liked it not, and so got to arms straightways, and to horse, and away."

For a moment Amelot gazed in the old man's face, as if he comprehended not the meaning of his words; then he started to his feet, with wild terror in his eye, and dashed his hand on the oaken board with strange violence.

"Message! 's life! what message, man? The lady Evelyn, and ridden forth—with whom, with whom rode she forth, and whither?"

"A message from her father, sir, the lord of Morpeth, calling on her to return home forthwith, for that he was ill at ease. She rode forth instantly, tarrying only for the saddling of her palfrey, with Robin of —"

"Redesdale and Hugh of Umfraville, to guard her?" shouted Sir Amelot, interrupting him in tones of thunder. "Speak, is it so?"

"Even so, Sir Amelot."

He sprang at one bound to the window, tore the casement open, and, leaning far out of it, blew an alarum so wild, so long, and so startling, that every vaulted arch and airy turret rang for many a minute after the cadences had ceased.

"To arms! to arms! and to horse, one and all. Ring the alarum bell! kindle the beacon on the keep! ride out, ride out! call all, call all! warn every vassal of the Mitfords and the Morpeths; cry, Evelyn, to the rescue. Evelyn, win or die!"

As his fierce shout was heard, the castle rang, from the topmost turret head to its lowest cell, with the clear din of arms, and the clang of mail-clad feet. Lights glared in all directions, and in an instant the tremendous peal of the alarum bell aroused the nightly echoes for many a mile around, while the first fierce gleam of the beacon flashed upon the donjon tower, and ere it had blazed there ten seconds, was answered by a second blaze upon the heights of Warkworth, and that again called forth responsive lights on every hill and headland through the marches.

Rapidly armed the vassals of the house, rapidly poured in, from their fiefs and tenures, the military tenants of de Mitford; but long ere they had buckled on their harness, or saddled their war-horses for the field, Sir Amelot had changed his battered armor for a fresh suit of plain black steel, without device or cognizance, had mounted a new charger and away—away without groom, or page, or squire, through the swart darkness and over the lonely moorlands, in quest of his lost betrothed.

He left but one token to his vassals—the place on the wide fells, where he had found the bodies of his slaughtered soldiers—thither, at all speed, they were to follow him, with all the men they could muster, and thence to take the track of his horse's hoofs, and ride whithersoever that should guide them.

It was not midnight when he galloped forth again, nerved and almost maddened by the terrible excitement, across the echoing drawbridge; but four mortal hours had elapsed before, arrayed under the square banner of his house, armed *cap-a-pied* in steel, some sixty men-at-arms, and twice as many mounted archers, poured forth from the barbican and followed his route across the stormy moorlands, now covered with the fast-falling snow.

Well had it been for Amelot had he tarried yet awhile; had he awaited the arming and mounting of his household; but it never avails aught to mourn for what might have been; the past is the past; and all unprofitable, save as a guide to direct us for the future.

No other men on earth but the English or the Scottish borderers of those days, or the red Indian of our own, could have followed the track of man or horse on that tremendous night. The snow soon ceased to fall, and the clouds were swept away by a swift wind from the north-west, and the stars shone out beautiful and bright in the black skies, but moonlight there was none, and the surface of the earth was covered far and near in one vast mantle of clear dazzling white.

Still, so accurately had Amelot described the little hollow, in which he had found the corpses of the gallant men who had given up their lives in the vain effort to defend the lady of his love, that the stout cavalcade ploughed their way through choked ravine and towering snow-drift, and reached the spot as the pale day was dawning. The bodies still lay there, stark and silent, and converted in appearance by the deep snow which had drifted over them into two little mounds, not dissimilar in shape to the low, sodded graves of the poor.

There the border-riders halted for a little space, and having cleared away the snow from the faces of the dead, to satisfy themselves that they were right thus far in their direction, piled it over them again as a protection against the attacks of the hill-fox, the raven, or the hawk, pitched a lance with its pennon into the earth beside them, to indicate their whereabouts should more snow fall; and these pious duties performed, applied themselves to recruit their own strength, and that of their horses, with provender and food which they had brought with them.

In the meantime, Amelot de Mitford, who had preceded them by nearly four hours, had never ceased to press onward as fast as he could urge his horse towards the Scottish border; and now, while his followers were breaking their fast in that wild Northumbrian glen, was on the point of entering the wild defiles of the debatable land, as it was called, about the head of Liddesdale.

There was at that day throughout the whole English border, no bolder knight, no craftier moss-

trooper, no partisan more thoroughly acquainted with the whole of that desolate and dangerous region than Amelot de Mitford. From Tweedmouth to the Frith of Solway, not a stream wound through its wild and heathy glen to the western or the northern sea, but he knew its source, its fords, its rapids, and its mouth; not a morass but he could guide a royal army through its secret passes; not a forest but its inmost brakes and dingles were as familiar to his eye as the precincts of his castle court.

Like all men, moreover, accustomed to wage war with their own arms, fighting with their own weapons, and relying on their own resources, he possessed in the highest degree that singular species of instinctive foresight, which is so astonishing to the uninitiated; and which, really judging from experience and drawing conclusions from past practice, appears to act as it were by intuition, and to forestall the most wily stratagems of the most expert and crafty antagonists.

Deeply had he mused as he rode through the tempestuous night towards the spot where he should find the last certain traces of his lost lady-love, and after long consideration had come to a conclusion, singularly near to the truth. Had no snow fallen since the outrage was committed, Amelot would not have entertained a moment's doubt concerning the probability of discovering whither his lady had been carried. He needed the aid of no bloodhounds to follow the track of horse across the barest and the driest moor, or the deepest and most mossy bog in Scotland or Northumberland. His eye would have enabled him to follow the slot of an enemy almost as rapidly as a breast-high scent would lead a high-bred hound, over rough and dry, through brake and dingle, straight, certain, and unerring.

But when the snow began to fall, he knew that the possibility of following the lady Evelyn's captors was destroyed altogether, and that he must rely, on some deeper craft than the mere power of tracking a foeman, if he would rescue her by force of arms.

He had returned, as I have stated, from a foray, in which he had proposed to sweep the Scottish side in a direction nearly due north from his castle toward the Tweed; but in which he had encountered the advance of an invading Scottish host, marching directly southward. His brother, as he learned, had ridden away merely on the suspicion of something being wrong toward Jedburgh, a little to the left or west of the line on which he had ridden home. He soon came therefore the conclusion, that she must have been carried off by her captors yet farther westward; a course which would point directly to the celebrated stronghold of Hermitage, formerly the fastness of the notorious wizard-earl of Soulis, and still

the haunt of a band of outlaws, as fierce and bloodthirsty, and scarce less formidable, although they worked their wickedness not with periapt and spell of sorcery, but with the well-known arms of the north country, the snaffle, spur, and spear.

In that direction, therefore, he had ridden through the live-long night, without encountering a living thing, much less a human being of whom to ask tidings.

Just at the gray of dawn, however, he reached the mouth of a little glen through which, a bright, clear stream came rushing down from the hills, to join the Liddle, about midway between the border hamlets of Thartieshope and Haggiehaugh. A little way up this glen, there stood, as Amelot well knew, a small peel tower, the last on the English side, occupied by a famous moss-trooper, whose aid he proposed to claim, for the purpose of reconnoitring so far as they might, before his sturdy followers should come up.

His steed was already waxing somewhat weary from his long night-march, but as he approached the dwellings of man, even before they were in sight, he pricked his ears, and snuffed the air eagerly, and breaking into a livelier pace, set up a loud, shrill neigh.

But to that wild summons no answer was returned, although there should have been horses within hearing of the sound; for now they had turned an angle of the glen, and the small, square tower with its iron-barred portcullis and stout inner door of oak studded with heavy nails of the same metal, stood fair in view before them.

There were no signs of life, however, about the lonely place, no smoke rose from its chimney, no voices sounded from its dull walls or narrow loops, and the only signs that it was inhabited at all, consisted in a deep horse-track stamped in the snow, showing that some one had ridden forth from its gates already, early as was the hour, since the snow had ceased to fall.

Amelot halted, and shook his head in disappointment, and muttered to himself, "a plague on it! all goes ill this morning. Here is Red Wat afoot before the sun, and away scouting. But I must needs get food for thee, Black Cheviot," he continued, patting his charger's neck, "and a mouthful, if it be but of oaten cake and thin ale, for myself, this nipping morning."

And therewith he raised his bugle to his lips, and again sent forth the long, clear blast and the wild flourish, which on the previous night had so speedily roused the garrison of his own castle.

Nor was it longer now of producing the like effect, for scarce had he withdrawn the mouthpiece from his lips, before a shutter was withdrawn from the loop, and the sunburnt features and quick eye of a stout but comely matron was seen at the arrow slit.

"Who blows the Mitford's call so early?" she cried in a high but not unpleasing voice, with a north country accent.

"Even I, the lord of Mitford," replied Amelot, raising the vizor of his plain, sable helmet, and shewing his face, pale with loss of blood and haggard with excitement. "So open to me, good dame Musgrave, e'en an if Red Wat be abroad; for I have need of both horse meat and man's meat, and a pull at your strongest stoup of ale."

"That shall you have without twice asking," replied the border-woman, heartily, "it were a shame if the lord of Mitford might not call for aught the house of Wat Musgrave holds, when but for his right hand and good axe Wat Musgrave had slept in Hexham church these six years gone. But bide a minute, good Sir Amelot, till I unbar the gate."

It was not long ere the rusty bolts were withdrawn, and horse and man rode into the arched doorway. Here the good dame received him with hospitable greeting, and, while a stout, hale lad, of some thirteen summers' old, led away his charger to rack and manger, conducted the rider up a turnpike staircase, as it was called, to a chamber on the first floor, where she speedily set before him the appliances of a rude meal.

"And in truth, lord of Mitford," she said, as soon as she could spare time from her hospitable cares to talk with her guest, "it is partly on your account that Red Wat is abroad now."

"On my account?" cried Amelot, eagerly, ceasing to eat, and starting from his chair, "in Heaven's name, how so? has he heard aught of the Lady Evelyn, or seen aught of her?"

"Ay! has he heard!" was the answer. "Jock Hazleton, of the cleugh, rode by ere the snow fell, and told how he saw a band of the lads of Hermitage ride past the Crehope dingle, where he lay waiting for a booty, with a lady on a roan palfry, housed with the Morpeth colors. Wat was abroad, scouting the Douglass, then, who, men say, has crossed the borders beyond Wauchope; but when he came back this morning I told him what Jock said, and he tarried only to saddle a fast steed and —"

Here she was interrupted by a shrill cry from the battlements.

"Horses! horses! coming down the glen! Three spears, a knight and a lady."

At the word Amelot sprang to the casement, and, at half a mile distance, or a little better, he saw a frail form, which he recognized at a glance, rather by the familiar grace and well-known beauty of the person, than by the dress in which the Morpeth colors were conspicuous, coming down the glen at a furious gallop, her palfry led by a knight, armed complete in steel, and bearing on his helmet the hated cognizance of Hermitage.

Yet half a mile behind these rapid riders came two other spears, furiously spurring in pursuit; but these were so far distant, that he could not mark their bearings, or judge to which nation they belonged.

Knowing at once his Evelyn, and seeing the hostile crest of her conductor, Amelot never doubted that the two persons in the rear were Red Wat Musgrave and his comrade, in pursuit; but darting down the steep stairs, three steps at a time, he sprang into his saddle, which had not yet been removed from his charger's back, snatched his lance, and rode out at full speed through the clattering archway, even before the fugitives came into view of the gateway.

A moment, however, set them before him, face to face. The vizor of the Hermitage knight was down, but it *was* Evelyn; and no sooner did her conductor see the black knight in his path, than, relinquishing her rein, and whispering a word in her ear, without any summons, or war-cry, he laid his lance in rest, gave his charger the spur, and, bowing his crest, thundered down upon Amelot in full career.

Amelot, nothing loth, charged home to meet him. And like two thunderbolts they met, and clashed, and both went down among the snow, man and horse, each by the other's lance.

Amelot rose unwounded, but not so his antagonist, deep in whose breast, having pierced shield and corslet, mail-shirt and hacqueton, the lance head was fixed. Yet his sword was drawn, in his hand, and bravely he did battle still, though faint through loss of blood, and already stricken mortally.

Suddenly, in the heat of strife, Amelot set up his war-cry, "Mitford! Mitford for Evelyn!" and instant at the sound, with a wild shriek, the lovely lady rushed between them.

"Hold! madmen! hold your hands! Hold your hands, brothers!"

But it was all too late! One fatal deed was done already, and instantly another followed it. Damian de Mitford was in the act of falling by the re-doubled blows of the unconscious fratricide, even as she rushed between them; and, before eye could discern, or ear mark her coming, down came the bloody sword, and felled her likewise, bleeding and speechless—a pure virgin bride to her pure shroud in the virgin snow.

But who shall tell the anguish, the life-long agony of him, the double murderer. The lone cell on Coquet Island which ever after was the sad dwelling of the hermit-knight; and the wild surges of the northern main, which were the only listeners to his fierce and sullen woe.

Who so dull as to need an explanation—to be told how Sir Damian had rescued his brother's bride by means of the disguise which caused his

lamentable death, when he recognized not that very brother in his changed arms, and received death as the guerdon of his valor and devotion.

The band of Amelot arrived some two hours after the fatal strife was ended, and bore home, with trailed pennons and reversed arms, the corpses of the virgin bride and the true-hearted brother,

and—sadder yet to look upon—the living soulless body of their innocent slayer, a moody, moping maniac.

Such was the 'Knight's Return!' Our Lady pray for his soul's peace, since while he lived on earth his body knew it not!

THE ANCIENT OAK.

BY JOHN H. BRYANT.

'T was many a year ago,
When life with me was new,
A lordly oak, with spreading arms,
By my mountain-dwelling grew.

O'er the roof and chimney-top
Uprose that glorious tree;
No giant of all the forests round
Had mightier boughs than he.

On the silken turf below
He cast a cool, deep shade;
Where oft, till the summer sun went down,
Myself and my sisters played.

We planted the violet there,
And there the pansy leant;
And the columbine, with slender stems,
To the soft June breezes bent.

The robin warbled above,
As he builded his house of clay;
And he seemed to sing with a livelier note
At the sight of our mirthful play.

And there, in the sultry noon,
With brawny limbs and breast,
On the silken turf, in that cool shade,
The reaper came to rest

When, through the autumn haze,
The golden sunshine came,
His crimson summit glowed in the light,
Like a burst of ruddy flame.

And oft, in the autumn blast,
The acorns, rattling loud,
Were showered on our roof, like the big round hail
That falls from the summer cloud.

And higher and broader still,
With the rolling years he grew;

And his roots were deeper and firmer set,
The more the rough winds blew.

At length, in an evil hour,
The axe at his root was laid,
And he fell, with all his boughs, on the spot
He had darkened with his shade.

And into the prostrate boughs
We climbed, my sister and I,
And swung, mid the shade of the glossy leaves,
Till stars came out in the sky.

All day we swung and played,
For the west wind gently blew;
'T was the day that the post-boy brought the news
Of the battle of Waterloo.

But his leaves were withered soon,
And they bore his trunk away,
And the blazing sun shone in, at noon,
On the place of our early play.

And the weary reaper missed
The shade, when he came to rest;
And the robin found no more in spring
The sprays when he built his nest.

Now thirty summers are gone,
And thirty winters of snow;
And a stranger I seek the paths and shades
Where I rambled long ago.

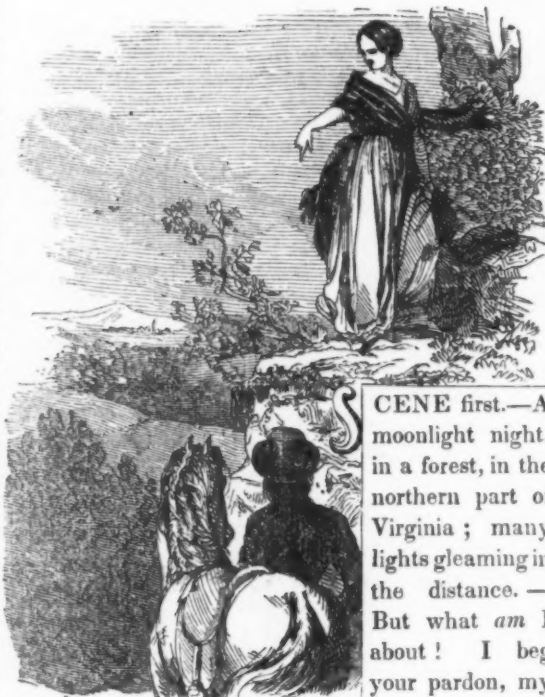
I pause where the glorious oak
His boughs to the blue sky spread,
And I think of the strong and beautiful
Who lie among the dead.

I think, with a bitter pang,
Of the days in which I played,
Watched by kind eyes that now are closed,
Beneath his ample shade.

LOVE IN THE VALLEY OF THE JUNIATA.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHAPTER I.



SCENE first.—A moonlight night, in a forest, in the northern part of Virginia; many lights gleaming in the distance. — But what *am* I about! I beg your pardon, my sober-minded reader, for any theatrical commencement. The truth of the matter is, I just 'dropped in' at the play, the other night, and my head is even now full of the vain things which I there saw and heard. But I should not seek to give stage effect to the really-authentic tale which I am about to relate to you, and which I only desire to 'tell as it was told to me.' So, to begin again, soberly and in order;—it was a glorious June night, some fifteen years ago, when Henry Elbridge, the younger son of a rich and aristocratic Virginian family, rode up a rocky pathway, which wound through one of the magnificent forests of the 'Old dominion.' He was superbly mounted, and followed, at a little distance, by a black groom. Suddenly, at a turn of the road, he checked his horse, and an exclamation of wondering delight escaped his lips. The forest far around him was lit up as for a festival; and a multitude of snowy tents were pitched beneath the trees, gleaming through the over-hanging branches. A crowd of people, of all ages and conditions, were lifting up the voice of prayer and praise in that grandest cathedral of nature's God—the gorgeous wood, with its lofty, rugged pillars, and its thousand 'sounding aisles.'

It was that most unique, that most wildly-beau-

tiful of scenes, a methodist camp-meeting at night. It was entirely a new spectacle to our hero; for, though born in Virginia, he had been educated in New England, having but just graduated at Harvard. He was an ardent, enthusiastic, intellectual young man, with a heart peculiarly impressible in matters of love and religion. He had been led by curiosity alone to witness the scene which he now contemplated with so lively an interest.

At the close of the prayer and hymn he dismounted, and approached nearer to the preacher's stand—a rude platform erected on the highest part of the grounds. Taking rather a retired position, he stood, carelessly leaning against a patriarchal oak, and awaited the evening's discourse. The preacher, the celebrated B——, had not yet arrived; but presently a hush of respectful expectation fell upon the assembly, as a man of imposing form, and massive features, ascended the platform. He commenced in a manner calmly impressive, but soon his impassioned and o'er-mastering eloquence awoke within him, in might and grandeur. His dark eye flashed with fervid zeal—his every word seemed freighted with solemn meaning—the very tones of his voice pierced the heart, sword-like, through the double armor of pride and unbelief. His theme was the crucifixion of our Lord; and, as he proceeded, the groans of the strong man, and the cries of women, attested the power of the orator and the subject. Bound by the mighty spell of truth, genius-revealed, stood young Elbridge, the burning exhortations of the speaker falling like a storm of fire on his overwhelmed and shrinking spirit. Every sin, every error, every unworthy act of his life, seemed passing in dread review before him—his features became convulsed, his head bowed, and his breast heaved tumultuously. He seemed to behold the mocking trial of our blessed Master—the crown of thorns, the crimsoned scourge, the spear, the cup of gall;—all the human suffering, and divine meekness of that life-giving death; and, while his heart was rent with anguish unspeakable, a flood of despair, like a wave from the sea of eternal wrath, swept over his soul; he raised his clasped hands, cried frantically, "For *me* He died! for *me*, for *me*!" and fell prostrate. He had swooned.

When he revived he was lying in a tent, his head supported by his servant; and beside him stood the preacher, whose exhortations had so stirred up the great deeps of his soul. Then fol-

lowed words of hope, and peace, and pleading prayer; and ere the morning dawned, a new life, mystical and holy, awoke within the bosom of the young convert; a sweet, confiding, child-like sense of reconciliation with the Father, thrilled his heart; and the joy of the saint, sudden, 'unutterable and full' of glory, burst upon him like a tropical day.

CHAPTER II.

I WILL not dwell on the storm of opposition which was raised in the proud family of the Elbridges, when, a few weeks subsequent to the event narrated in the foregoing chapter, Henry announced his intention of preparing for the ministry, after having been admitted to the church. The young enthusiast mildly, but firmly, resisted both entreaty and ridicule—his patrician mother's and sister's reproaches, and the sneers of his father and brothers, at 'ranting, canting, beggarly, methodist parsons.' With a strength and determination which amazed those who would deter him, he resolutely trod the rugged and undeviating path of duty. Diligently and prayerfully he fitted himself for his sacred office; and at the age of twenty-three was stationed as a regular preacher, in a romantic part of the valley of the Juniata. He had heard much of the natural beauty of that portion of the country, and was all ardor and hopefulness in contemplation of his pleasant duties, as the shepherd who should watch and lead the flock of the faithful, scattered through those wild regions. But alas! he soon found that he had dropped down among a set of semi-barbarians, in manners, prejudices, habits and religion. Sensitive and refined, reared in luxury, and of a delicate physical organization, what course did the young clergyman pursue, when made aware of the erroneous ideas he had formed of the location to which he had been appointed? Why, he made up his mind to labor as a missionary, ceaselessly, and ardently, until a better state of things was established, in his congregation at least. This he found to consist almost altogether of the ranting methodists, whose fits of religious feeling were accompanied by shoutings and violent convulsions. In their meetings it was not deemed out of order for singing, praying, and exhorting, to go on simultaneously; and he or she was the better saint, whose voice rose loudest or shrillest. Gently, and gradually, by the influences of love and reason, did Elbridge bring about his much-needed reform; and before a year had passed, a decent quietness reigned over his religious meetings.

There was one female preacher, however, whose frequent and singular exhortations continued a source of considerable annoyance to Elbridge. In her 'holdings forth' she invariably began by a powerful appeal to the world's people, expressing a

fervent desire to behold 'a harpoon from the quiver of gospel truth piercing their stubborn hearts,' and closed with an admonition to the brethren and sisters 'never to turn aside to pluck the flowers that grow in *nater's* garden,' but to 'persevere until they should land on the other side of everlasting deliverance,' &c., &c.

Poor Elbridge found it vain for him to attempt putting a spell upon a woman's tongue when 'set on fire of' zeal.

There was also one of the brethren, who offered a stout breast to the flood of innovation. This was a good old father in Israel, who had for many years been a class-leader, and was, therefore, a privileged person. He rejoiced in a *bon-vivant-ish* rotundity of figure, and a round, funny face, irresistibly laughter-exciting in one of his calling. His seat was directly in front of the desk, whence his responses were most frequent and inopportune. At every 'Amen' which he uttered with a loud, sonorous voice, he brought his heavy walking-stick to the floor, in a most striking and emphatic manner. Having been interrupted and confused until his patience was exhausted, our hero of the white neck-cloth sought his hearer, and, with kind persuasion, and by reasoning against his mal-apropos responses, wrung from him a promise of future forbearance. It happened that Elbridge's next discourse was a remarkably fine one, and it was with evident difficulty, from the first, that the 'stout gentleman' controlled his *amenity*. Warmer and warmer waxed the preacher, more and more eloquent, until it was too much for methodist nature to bear, and the old man brought down his stick, louder than ever, and shouted boldly, "Amen, hit or miss!"

I need hardly say that Elbridge did not attempt to 'deal' with his 'unruly member.'

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Elbridge had been a few months in the valley of the Juniata, he was called to administer spiritual consolation to a woman dying of consumption. A small lad, with a slight Irish brogue, and eyes swollen with weeping, poorly, but cleanly dressed, conducted him two or three miles up the valley, to a house built of logs, but as neat as a cottage *ornée*, and nested in the most luxuriant shrubbery. Elbridge could scarcely believe this to be the home of James Blair, the wretched inebriate, whom he had often remarked, staggering from bar-room doors, or lying by the way-side in a state of brutal intoxication.

When he entered, the dying woman was sitting upright in bed, supported by a young girl whom he had before seen at his meetings, and noticed for the Madonna-like sweetness and purity of her countenance. This was Elizabeth Blair, the eldest

daughter of the house. Her sister, an exceedingly beautiful girl of sixteen or seventeen, stood at her side, weeping passionately. The husband and father, for once in his right mind, was kneeling at the bed-side, his face buried in his hands, and his whole frame quivering with convulsive sobs. Opposite stood Dr. N——, a young physician, late from Harrisburgh, already partially known to Elbridge.

To his joy, the clergyman found that his ministrations were only needed by the husband and children; the wife and mother awaited with fearless and saint-like serenity the swift coming of the angel of death. In the brief conversation which he was enabled to have with her, he saw that she was remarkably intelligent for one of her station, and possessed of the clearest and truest understanding of spiritual things.

At the close of a simple and fervent prayer, the sufferer beckoned her younger children to draw nearer, kissed them tenderly, and faintly murmured, "Elizabeth your mother—now." Then, for the first time, James Blair looked up, and, in a voice husky with remorseful anguish, exclaimed, "Forgive me, Mary, before you go!"

Alas! the power of speech had left the poor wronged wife, but she stretched out her thin hand and laid it tenderly on the head of her repentant husband, and then let it glide down upon his neck. He understood the action, and drew closer to her; she bent forward, pressed her cold lips to his, and so died.

On his return to his boarding-house, Elbridge ascertained, to his surprise, that the family with whom he was domesticated were nearly related to the Blairs. Philip Denny, his host, the only brother of the late Mrs. Blair, was one of the wealthiest men in the valley, but, though violently religious, had the reputation of great penuriousness. He had but one child, a daughter, and, as she is to be no unimportant character in this 'simple story,' it is time she was known to my reader. So, my dear sir, or madame, allow me to present to you Miss Katherine Denny, the beauty and belle for many miles up and down the valley of the Juniata. She was a superb creature—a perfect Irish Juno—with the queenliest of forms, the haughtiest of gaits, and the blackest eyes conceivable, out of which flashed a fire, beautiful but dangerous, like lightning from a midnight cloud. Katherine had been for some while the leader and life of *gay society* in that region, and had won for herself the name of being an arch-coquett. But soon after the advent of that *rara avis*, a minister, young, rich, and handsome, she became, to the great dismay of her worldly admirers, suddenly *serious*. She cut the vain bows from her bonnet, and the equally vain beaux at her side; she joined the 'class' spiritual in the conference-room, and

forsook the class Terpsichorean in the ball-room of 'The Golden Horn.' She walked demurely to meeting, and sung hymns, and talked theology with the young minister, until his susceptible heart was affected to the degree that he found himself preaching with her commendations in view, and yet blushing and stammering painfully when he marked her great black eyes fixed upon him in sermon-time.

She was thus 'in the full tide of successful experiment,' when, with the strange want of tact which the most artful women often display when their hearts are touched, she grew impatient of the slow-and-sure policy, and, resolving to conclude her conquest by a *coup-de-main*, she suddenly made her *debut* as an *exhorter*!

She proved herself possessed of rare talent, of absolute genius as a speaker. She talked like an inspired prophetess, and electrified her audience with her wonderful bursts of eloquence. Her warnings and denunciations were at times fearfully grand, and produced the most striking effect upon her impressible hearers. But, as for Elbridge, she had mistaken her man. Though, as an orthodox methodist, he advocated women's religious rights, and believed in the spiritual equality of the sexes, his natural delicate sensitiveness, and his early prejudices, were certainly opposed to the unmaidenly course which Katherine Denny was pursuing. He was pained, disappointed, ill at ease every way, but did not presume to advise against that which he believed the result of an imperious sense of duty on the part of the beautiful religious enthusiast. One Monday, while taking his morning walk, musing on these things, and striving to reconcile old tastes with newly-formed principles, he overheard part of a conversation between two of his church-members, who were at work in a field by the road-side. There had been a meeting of exciting interest the night previous, and one of the men said to his companion,—

"Did you know that Tom Henderson had got religion?"

"You do n't say so! How?"

"Why, he happened in at the meeting last evening, just for deviltry; but when Katherine Denny come to free her mind, he grew dreadfully religious, and lay in the power all night long."

Now Tom Henderson was known through all that region as the wildest, profanest jockey and frolicker; and though good-natured and good-looking, withal, the plague and pest of the honest and peaceably-inclined. Here was indeed cause for rejoicing, and Elbridge felt rebuked for his little faith, and worldly fastidiousness. "Dear Katherine," he soliloquized, "why should I question your right to exercise *all* your gifts in doing good! If your words have carried conviction to the heart of this one sinner, great is your reward for the

sacrifice of your womanly delicacy. But poor Henderson may be standing in want of spiritual consolation ; I will go to him."

On reaching the abode of the Hendersons, the clerical visitor was directed by a staring, red-haired girl, to a back yard, where he found the young convert, seeking 'consolation' in a cock-fight.

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE progressing with my story, I must tell my reader something more of the Blairs. So, *reculer pour mieux sauter*, James Blair, an Irishman of education, and some property, married the girl of his heart, and came immediately to this country. Having an eye for the picturesque, he purchased a farm on that loveliest of American rivers, the Juniata. But James Blair, bred to a mercantile life, had no 'faculty' for farming ; then he met with sickness, losses and discouragements, and—oh, 't is the old, old story—became a drunkard, and all was over with him. But Mary, poor Mary Blair, was a jewel of a wife, for a saint or a sinner ;—only she would have lasted longer, if her 'Jamie' had had more of the former, and less of the latter, in his composition. But, as she wasted away in her patient broken-heartedness, there was one to take her place. Elizabeth Blair was one of those rare characters of whom 'the world is not worthy.' A spectacle for angels was her life of unobtrusive, unwearying, uncomplaining goodness. From the age of eighteen, when her mother's health failed utterly, to her twenty-first year, the period when she was introduced to my reader, she had, by her own labors, clothed and fed her father and his family. In household duties, and the care of the invalid mother, she was assisted by her sister somewhat ; but she alone was the hope, the dependence, the 'light in a dark place,' the sustaining pillar, the animating soul of that sad, neglected family. She was school-teacher, mantua-maker, milliner, tailoress,—all things for the good and comfort of those she loved. Dear Elizabeth ! when I remember your meek piety, your energy, patience, sweetness, and courage, I were humbled at the very thought of you, did I not know that there is no reproach in your goodness.

But in her mother's last illness the noble girl had over-tasked herself ; and, after hard struggling against disease, she became alarmingly ill, with a nervous fever. Again, weeping more bitterly than ever, went little Jamie for the minister, whom he met returning from the parochial visit narrated at the close of the last chapter. Elbridge turned pale at the intelligence which the boy sobbed forth, and accompanied him immediately home. He found Elizabeth manifesting the same serene resignation which had hallowed the death-bed of her

mother. Before he left, however, Dr. N—— arrived, and pronounced her better, and the angel of hope re-visited that desolate home. Slowly, very slowly, came back strength and health to that overwrought spirit and frame ; and pleasant and profitable were the young clergyman's frequent visits to the interesting invalid. He was sometimes accompanied by Katherine, who professed to love her cousin fervently ; and he did not fear for his heart, because he constantly encountered there the young physician, to whom it was rumored Elizabeth Blair was betrothed.

At last, the invalid had so far recovered as to appear at meeting. Pale, very pale, she was ; but lovelier than ever thought those who loved her.

Elbridge saw that it now would be but proper for him to make his visits less frequent, and he did so. Then was he haunted by a strange feeling of unrest—he forgot his engagements—he talked to himself—he grew careless of his dress—he lost his appetite !—in short, *he was in love* ; but not with Katherine Denny ; oh, no, not with Katherine Denny.

When our hero became aware of his dangerous malady, he began treating it with promptness and severity. He first prescribed for himself *total* absence from a certain abode of beauty and worth—love's own log temple, built in the wilderness.

A dead failure ! for did he not see *that* face, delicately flushed with returning health, looking up to him with sweet seriousness, every blessed Sunday ?

Matters were in this interesting state, when, while returning one Sabbath evening from a neighboring town, where he had been preaching, a storm compelled him to seek a night's shelter in a farm-house by the way. Soon after, who should ride up but Dr. N——. He came in, dripping with the rain, and laughing in his own peculiar and joyous manner.

'The doctor,' now one of my most valuable and reliable of friends, was one you might see once and remember always. His frank, handsome, heart-beaming countenance daguerreotyped itself inevitably upon the memory. He was the 'prince of good fellows,' in the very best sense of the term. With his freedom of mind, warm unchecked affections, and hopeful, cheerful philosophy, he lived up to the full measure of life. Once, or twice, during the evening, as his fine face glowed with the inspiration of some thought, flashingly beautiful, or exquisitely grotesque, Elbridge was slightly conscious of a certain unministerial feeling, known to the world as jealousy ; but he coughed it down, as out of order, being the suggestion of a 'gentleman in black,' *not* 'in good and regular standing.'

When the hour for retiring came, as there was but one 'spare bed,' Elbridge was obliged to 'turn in' with his unconscious rival. Sometime in the

night the doctor awoke. The storm had passed, and the moon was shining purely pale through the uncurtained window. Above him, bent Elbridge, with his large, luminous eyes, fixed with a peculiar and searching expression upon his face, and his hand pressed closely against his heart.

"What the deuce—!" cried the startled doctor.

"Hush," said the clergyman, in a solemn tone, "I want you to tell me the truth."

"Well, do you think you have got to take a fellow by the heart before you can get that!"

"Pardon me," said Elbridge, but without removing his hand, "I have to ask you a question on which my life's happiness depends. Will you answer me truly?"

"I will, if it is in my power."

"Do you love Elizabeth Blair?"

"Yes."

"That is sufficient," said Elbridge, falling back upon his pillow.

"Sufficient, is it?" said N—, and he turned himself wall-ward. But presently, his good feeling getting the better of his waggery, he continued: "I do love Lizzie Blair—that's a stubborn fact—love her as a sister; but if it will be any comfort to you, my dear sir, to know it, long before I ever saw her, I bargained myself off to just the finest girl in the Union. So, if you can win Elizabeth's love, and *deserve it*, I bid you God-speed!"

In the morning, Elbridge unfortunately found himself oppressed with a heavy cold, in consequence of his exposure to the preceding evening's storm. He was really ill, grew rapidly worse, and the next day was prostrate with inflamed lungs. He recovered, of course,—I would not have the heart to choose a Paul Dombey for a hero—but only after weeks of severe suffering; and then, Dr. N—, who had been his physician, and constant nurse, gravely assured him that he must abandon preaching altogether, for years to come. Oh, it was a bitter moment to the young clergyman! He groaned deeply, and bowed his face on his almost transparent hand; and, when he at last looked up, his dark eye-lashes were glistening with tears. Had all his intense longings, his hungering and thirsting after opportunities of greater usefulness in that most holy of professions, come to this?

While yet suffering from this unexpected trial, a letter was brought in, which he read aloud to the doctor. It was from his parents, and urged, in affectionate terms, his immediate return home. Their eldest sons were travelling, their daughter was married, and they were left quite alone.

"Really, this reconciliation at this time, seems providential," remarked the doctor, "and you will surely return to Virginia as soon as you have sufficient strength."

"Yes, but I must see Elizabeth, before I go—

I cannot endure this terrible suspense—my life seems balancing on a thread."

"Well, go to her," rejoined the doctor, "she is a frank, straight-forward girl, and will tell you the truth without your taking the trouble to lay your hand on her heart."

"But, my dear N—, should I succeed in winning her love, I sometimes fear I shall be doing her an unkindness in taking her from the social sphere in which she has always moved; that she will be but ill at ease in the society of my family and friends."

"I tell you, Elbridge," exclaimed N—, "you either do n't half deserve our Elizabeth, or you do n't half know her. As your *wife*, believe me, you will have reason to be proud of her in any circle of American society. With the highest natural grace, elegance, and dignity, she has any amount of tact and adaptedness, and is fitted for any sphere, however exalted, to which the man she loves may raise her. So do n't fear introducing her to your aristocratic connections, she will make her own way bravely. But here we are, coolly discussing these matters, when heaven only knows whether the girl will have you at all, at all."

And it seemed a doubtful matter for some time after. As soon as Elbridge was strong enough, he rode up to the Blairs', and day after day repeated his visit. But there was Mary Blair, a laughing, teasing, gipsy of a creature, always at her sister's side, and Elbridge was suddenly the most bashful of men. Finally, calling up all his courage, he begged her to join him in a walk. "Certainly, if you desire it," she calmly said, and tying on her neat sun-bonnet, was soon strolling by his side. For some moments the poor fellow could not utter a syllable, but at last let his warm, honest heart speak for itself in these simplest of words:—

"Elizabeth, I love you, ardently, devotedly;—do you return my affection?"

"Mr. Elbridge," she rejoined in a voice slightly tremulous, "though I have admired and revered, I have never yet *presumed* to love you; but if the grateful affection of a poor, uncultivated girl like me can add to your happiness, I do not think it will be long withheld."

And thus they parted.

At their next meeting, Elizabeth, suffering her lover to retain her coy, little hand in his, said with an enchanting smile, and in the sweetest of tones, "I have been thinking over our last evening's conversation, and looking closely into my heart, and I find that *I have been loving you all along.*"

CHAPTER V.

When Elbridge sought James Blair, to ask of him his greatest treasure, an affecting scene oc-

curred. The father wept tears of mingled joy and sorrow. He grieved to resign his noble daughter, but was proud of the honorable connection she was to form. "To one thing I will pledge myself," he said, grasping the hand of Elbridge, "your wife henceforth shall never be ashamed of her father and his home. I have not been intoxicated since Mary left me, and from this day, not one drop of my bane shall pass my lips." And he kept his word.

On account of the necessity of Elbridge's immediate return to Virginia, an early period was fixed for the wedding.

One morning, a day or two previous to that decided upon as the day of days, Elbridge was riding slowly home from a visit to his lady-love, his thoughts winged with golden fancies, and his heart steeped in sweet recollections. In passing through a wild and rocky glen, he was startled by the sudden appearance of Katherine Denny. She was deathly pale, and her eye was blacker and more fearfully brilliant than ever. Elbridge dismounted, hung the bridle on his arm, and walking by her side, pleasantly passed the usual compliments. To these Katherine made no reply, but turning abruptly, and fixing a gaze of intense meaning on his face, said calmly:—

"And so you are to marry Elizabeth Blair?"

"I am," he replied, smiling.

"It is a happy and a *fortunate* circumstance to her," she rejoined.

"But most of all to *me*," added the lover. A pause of some moments. Then Katherine continued in a deep, impressive tone:—

"Mr. Elbridge, I love my cousin Elizabeth as an own sister, but stronger than my love for her, than my family pride, is my sense of the duty I owe to my pastor, to my church, to religion itself, and I *must* warn you before it is too late."

"Good heavens!" cried Elbridge, "what do you mean?"

"Tell me," she replied, "did not Dr. N— advise you to this marriage?"

"Yes."

"Strongly?"

"Very strongly."

"Then, are you blind, are you mad?" she exclaimed, "can you not see the trap laid for you?" He would not marry the poor girl, the drunkard's daughter, and puts her off upon you in his calculating villany. Beware!"

She then turned and ran swiftly up the hill-side at her left. Once she paused on a rock, many feet above him, and while the wind bore back the dark hair from her white cheek and brow, she stood like a very sibyl, and stretching her hand towards him, cried solemnly, "you are warned—remember!" and disappeared amid the thick brush-wood.

Elbridge stood transfixed with amazement and horror, while the blood ran cold through every vein. A faintness came over him, and he leaned for support against his horse. But presently he lifted his head and smiled a proud, happy smile. "I will believe in my Elizabeth," he murmured, "as I believe in that heaven whose own goodness and purity are written in every line of her sweet face." And he went his way with a heart strong in faith, and richer than ever in love.

"Dear Elizabeth," said Elbridge at their next meeting, "if you have not yet invited the guests to our wedding, there is one of your relatives I must ask you to exclude—Katherine Denny."

"What! dear Kate, my only cousin! Why is this, Henry?"

"I will tell you sometime,—at present grant my request, and trust me for my reasons."

"If it is your wish, I promise," she said, turning aside to hide her emotion.

I will not bore my reader with a description of the wedding. They were married and started directly for Virginia.

Mary Blair, who seemed to possess a goodly portion of her sister's spirit, cheerfully took charge of her father's family.

Great was the grief of Elbridge's attached parishioners at the loss of their faithful pastor, and he is yet remembered by them with reverence and affection.

The morning after his marriage, Elbridge acquainted his wife with his memorable interview with her cousin in the glen.

"It is well you did not tell me this at the time," she said.

"Why, my love?"

"I never should have married you, had you done so."

As for Katherine Denny, she soon after lost unaccountably, her religious zeal, 'back-slid' to her belle-hood, and finally 'astonished the natives' by a run-away match with Tom Henderson.

* * * * *

I think I cannot better close my story, than by quoting part of a letter from my friend Dr. N—, to whom I had applied for information of the after-fate of some of my characters.

"The Elbridges had been married some four or five years," he writes, "when I visited them with my wife, at their home in Virginia. We found them living happily and harmoniously with the parents, brother and widowed sister of Elbridge, in the very midst of his 'aristocratic connections.' Without being essentially changed, Elizabeth Elbridge had become truly a magnificent woman. Her beauty was heightened to greater delicacy by habits of elegance, and rendered striking by rich and tasteful attire. Her

sweet face was softly shadowed by a constant care for poor Henry's health, which I found was not yet firmly established. She had then one child, a boy, and her brother 'Jamie,' grown a tall, fine-looking lad, was with her. She was an admirable hostess, and I met many agreeable and distinguished people at her dinner-parties. There was Senator —, and Judge —, and a batch of lesser honorables.

"She informed me, (for I had been some time absent from my old location,) that her sister Mary had married an intelligent young farmer, and was living with her father in a neat white cottage on the old place.

"Elbridge informed me that his rustic bride had won the love and respect of his relatives at once;—that she had applied herself diligently to study, and had already made up for the deficiencies in her early education.

"And I have found," continued Elbridge, "that all things are possible to woman, when she loves with fervor and devotion."

Moore, in one of his poetical romances, places his princely hero amid roses and enchantments, in the vale of Cashmere,—but for a simple Methodist parson, I think I have had my share of romance and poetry,—*Love in the Valley of the Juniata.*

BEAUTY AND GENIUS.

Suggested by a Picture.

BY MISS LOUISE OLIVIA HUNTER.

With hands entwined, and side by side
They stand—those beings rare,
The one in beauty's light and pride,
"The fairest of the fair;"
The other, with her glorious mind,
A gem within yon form enshrined!

Thy path, oh! loveliest one, seems gay
With sunshine and with flowers,
A bow of promise lights thy way,
And brightly speed the hours:
Sweet earth-star! may thy future prove
A rainbow-wreath of joy and love.

The world will greet that matchless face,
With praises loud and long,
And thou wilt move, with step of grace,
The idol of a throng—
May God preserve thee from each snare,
Each shadow dark that hovers there!

But thou, oh! child of genius—thou
Of the deep thoughtful eye,
A tale dwells in that lofty brow
Of aspirations high—
Of yearnings, which perchance may be
A source of naught but misery.

For sympathy that gifted heart
May vainly, vainly pine;
Cold looks and words of poisoned art
Will pierce thy spirit's shrine.
Thy web of life, alas! we fear,
Must glisten oft with many a tear!

But should the world refuse to yield
Its brightness to thy soul,
The drooping spirit yet one shield
Hath left—one welcoming goal;
Young dreamer! raise thy thoughts above;
Lift up thy heart, for "God is love!"

"PRAY TO THY FATHER WHO SEETH IN SECRET."

BY MRS. E. LITTLE.

Yes, pray to him in secret, for he hears
The cry of all his creatures, ravens feeds,
And clothes the lilies; treasures up the tears
Of resignation or of love, and heeds
The faintest whisper of compassion pure
That on the breath of Christian charity
Is wafted to his ear; and be thou sure,

Thy lightest wish for others' good shall be
Seven-fold returned in blessings on thy head.
What though thy means be small, thou need'st not fear;
Thy power is great;—Incarnate Love has said
"I will be with thee, be thou of good cheer;
In secret to thy Father pray,—believe,
And thou all needful blessings shalt receive."

AN EXCURSION TO MANCHESTER.

BY MISS CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK

It is not a very disagreeable or sterile life, that a citizen of New-York or Boston need lead, whose business confines him to the city, provided he can now and then take a day's excursion into the country. A New-Yorker may pass a happy day on the shores of the Hudson, any where between the city and Newburgh, and return in time to take tea in his own house—to bathe in his bath of blessed Croton—and sleep in his own accustomed place—with all the appliances and means of home about him. He may exchange the dusty street for the sea-shore, and bathe in sea-breezes and surf; and, instead of blistering his eyes with red bricks, look at the sublimest of God's works—the upheaving ocean. He may go to a friend's house on any of the lovely bays or necks of Long Island, out of sight and hearing of the tiresome town; or, if imbued with true rural tastes, he may plunge into the sporting solitudes of Long Island, and pursue his prey by wood or water. We know merchants in the most active and oppressive business of the city, who do this. Let a man but cherish the tastes (and they are salvation to body and mind) which Heaven has implanted—the love of nature and simple pleasures—and he will have ample means for its gratification. Let him not lose his original nature, in the eager competitions and artificial pleasures of the city, but prefer the opportunity of cheerful, innocent, and elegant leisure, to excessive gains; put up with a simple lunch in the place of a luxurious dinner; and honestly love better the shadow of a tree on a cool hill-side, with birds for his musicians, than even the opera with his favorite singer; and he can have, at moderate price, these refreshments, any day in the week, and be sure of a happier to-morrow. "If it were not for to-morrow," said Byron, in estimating the joys of a revel. The highest wisdom is always to measure the enjoyment of to-day by the shadow it casts on 'to-morrow.'

I had a day's pleasure yesterday, that neither cast a shadow before or behind. A friend, who works like a good Providence, and without any bustle of preparation, by a process as quiet as that which brings the sunshine upon us, surrounds us with pleasant circumstances, so that all the wheels of life run easily—this friend had invited me to take an excursion to Manchester.

I am rather ashamed now to confess it, but I had never heard of Manchester, a town that has arrived at the mature age in manufacturing life of eight years, with a population of fifteen thousand souls; busy souls they are; and if one may judge by outward signs, full of cheerful self-complacency and honest ambition.

After a delicious breakfast in my friend's house, where may be seen a union of noble simplicity (such as is oftener fabled than realized,) with the luxury of wealth and the beauty of art, we took our places in the Lowell train. Here the number of our party was augmented to that of the muses and graces combined; and if the gentle dames of our citizens were neither muses nor graces, they had qualities quite as much to our purpose. I do not know whether it was the atmosphere that the born gentleman always carries with him, or that my friend did silently and unperceived exercise the beneficent arts of a host, but each of our company occupied the place he would have chosen; and unexpectedly (for who ever expected social enjoyment in a rail-car) found his surroundings so agreeable, that there was a buzz of cheerful conversation through our whole progress of fifty-five miles. To be sure, the day was as fine as if my friend had himself bespoken it; and June, having just escaped from the clutches of this benumbing spring, was every where genially smiling in full fresh boughs, brimming streams, sweet clover-fields, and myriads of roses; roses laughing in the gardens, trailing over the little court-yards, and clambering to the very tops of the houses. June is indeed the crown of the year, and the roses the jewels of her crown. We shot past the crowded suburbs of Boston, and through the rural districts that surround them, past gardens and woodlands, and darted into the far-famed city of Lowell, where we only stopped to exchange some thirty fellow creatures for some thirty others, who, to our careless eyes, seemed as like as prices of printed calico of the same color and figure; but each of these had his distinctive marks, his own boundless world of memories, and hopes, and projects. It is our insect vision that limits the world to our own horizon.

There is no second class of cars on this route, consequently we had the democratic principle of modern modes of transportation, without mitigation. There were brawny boatmen, of New

Hampshire, in their red flannel shirt-sleeves, returning from 'rafting' down the Merrimack, tall stalwart fellows, whose bodies had attained nature's generous dimensions. Their faces were intelligent, and their speech civil, without any indication of social subordination. How different from the demi-savages who come in swarms among us! men who have been undergoing the process of degradation from generation to generation; whose low foreheads, contracted eyes, and wide and open mouths show that approximation to the brutish nature which has been going on for the long years that they have been as the strong ass, couching down between two burdens—the burdens of civil and sacerdotal oppression. Still the generous instincts of their hearts have survived oppression and barbarism. Let them be kindly welcomed to our wide New World home, and strike root in our soil, and grow up to the full stature of free and enlightened men! Their children's children will be like these New Hampshire boys; men capable of self-direction, of far-seeing projects, and extended responsibilities. The spirit that would reject from our unsown fields these poor creatures, who, in their barbarizing process, have narrowed down their wants to potatoes, and are blighted with the potato blight, is surely not the Christian spirit. They who are of this spirit seem to have forgotten that their title deeds to this New World were forced upon their fathers by the Old World despotism. They remind us of two friends, who, being permitted to walk in some beautiful private grounds, one, in the genuine spirit of elegant exclusiveness, said to the other, "This would be very charming if we had it quite to ourselves." "It seems not to occur to you," replied his companion, "that *we* are here upon sufferance!" In God's name, let our people remember this, and welcome their suffering brothers to their wide home; and give them 'right of way' to the untrodden wilderness which Providence has reserved for them. I beg pardon of my readers; these thoughts are naturally suggested by comparing our own and foreign laborers. While we feel pride in the one, let us be touched with pity for the other.

It is a gratifying exhibition of our Massachusetts population that we see in the cars, diverging from Boston in every direction. I have not the arrogance to claim for the gentlemen and ladies of Massachusetts general superiority to their class elsewhere, but placed as I was on this pleasant day, with people of fortune and education and habits of refinement, I could not but notice the simplicity of their manners, their freedom from pretension, and the quality of sympathy and general courtesy and kindness, that is well called 'human beingism,' which was exercised on the comfort of an aged person in our company, and in good natured civilities to poor women cumbered with many

children, who got in and out at the several stations. One lady entertained a little fellow on her lap, while its martyr-mother hushed his baby-sister in her arms. One gentleman bribed, with an apple, a young marauder, whose particular fancy it was to stride up and down, first stumbling on one side, and then falling on the other. And my friend—as courteously as if he were attending a fine lady—helped a poor little body with her brood out of the cars, whose husband stood awaiting her with a horse and wagon, in a very 'do n't-care-and-rather-enjoying' manner. I was reminded of the poor wife, who said, in similar circumstances, "Ah, madam, the men has it a *dale* pleasanter than the women!"

Our course lay along the Merrimack, brimfull from the late copious rains. It glided on its way, with the full-leaved trees waving like banners over it, with coronals of flowers hanging about it, and fields flushed with the purple lupin on its margin, as if it were made for the adornment of these lovely rural scenes, and not as it does, every drop of it, to distil showers of gold over our Midas manufactures. Prosperity be with them! their showers go up in beneficent dews, refreshing all the land. Their spindles endow our colleges, open fountains and baths for our 'young barbarians,' and run freely as the water that feeds their mills, in every channel of liberality and charity.*

Arrived at Manchester, we made the most of our time, first, by going about to see the various processes of manufacturing by machinery, which has been brought to a degree of perfection only short of self-directing intelligence. Indeed, to my perception, to which the complicated operations are inexplicable mysteries, these machines seemed like the living operatives, reasoning, 'calculating,' and 'concluding' beings. One, of its own head, stopped its hundred spindles to rejoin a broken thread, another advanced slowly, and returned rapidly as befitted its purpose, and yet another received to its dark chamber the delicate white mousseline that glided down from an upper room, and by successive and, as it appeared to me, voluntary movements, delicately painted it, and then suffered it with quiet dignity to withdraw. The vestals who presided over these mysteries, were more prosaic than the machines themselves; and, with their nicely-plaited hair, gold beads, and comfortable dresses, cut according to the universal fashion of the season, looked like duplicates of the ministers of our households. There was no sign of discontent or debility among them, but health quite up to the average, and a look of satisfaction,

* That this is no flight of fancy is known to every one who knows anything of the history of the wealthy manufacturers of Massachusetts. Mr. Abbot Lawrence's late munificent gift of \$50,000 to Harvard, and his brother, Amos Lawrence's repeated beneficences to Williams' College, are cases in point.

which is an unfailing indication of prosperity in our acquisitive race. The din of the machinery was insupportable to me, even for the brief time we were looking at it, and especially in one well-filled room, *four hundred and fifty feet in length*, but the 'young ladies' assured me, that after being accustomed to it, I could talk and listen there as well as elsewhere. Such is use! and such the supremacy of the social nature of man and woman! From the manufactories, a few of us drove, with our kind host, to the cemetery, where a lovely piece of woodland slopes on two sides to a little thread of a stream, of the yellow hue of topaz, and as bright and transparent. Shaded and flowery paths wind along the slopes; and there is here deep retirement and the solemn beauty of nature to inspire religious meditation, and pensive contemplation. The beautiful cemeteries that are springing up in our country indicate the rapid progress of civilization. The generous capitalists of Manchester, in their provision of this burial-place, and in the ample public squares, have shown a most laudable regard to the moral natures of their operatives. Whatever raises a man above the animal instincts and physical gratifications, advances him in the scale of being; and many an impress on

immortal natures will be made, in moonlight walks, through the public squares and cemeteries of Manchester. Nature is most apt at this sublime ministry; and the falls and rapids of the Merrimack will develop the sense of beauty in their young people. They have, thank God, leisure and education, and freedom enough for its nurture; their immortal natures are not crushed by the mortal necessity of each day straining every nerve to earn precarious daily bread. That they have a choice of destiny seems to be forgotten by those who would limit by legislation their hours of labor. They can almost make their own terms in household service, they can have the independence of rural labor, or they can make haste to be rich, and tend the spindles. Thank God again fervently, that there are no dreary depths and cold shadows in our humble life to embitter prosperity to the most sensitive. So, after a morning of varied pleasure and observation, we sat down to a dinner (delicious, for it included the luxuries of the season—salmon, peas, and strawberries), sure that not one of the hundred operatives we had seen but had a dinner as abundant and wholesome, if not as luxurious as ours.

To H. S. S., with the Annual, "Leaflets of Memory."

MEMORY'S LEAVES.

How softly when the spirit grieves
O'er scenes we never may recall
Across our gloomy path, the leaves
Of Memory fall.

Each leaf the record of its day,
Memorial of past joys and fears,
Some glittering with the dewy spray,
Some wet with tears.

Some tell of griefs no longer wept,
Some brave the blast in fadeless green,
Few tell the spots where care has slept
And joy has been.

One speaks the Patriot's deathless word;
The strains the Minstrel's harp has sped,

And some in shadowy lines record,
The loved, the dead.

Though onward speeding as the blast,
We shun the past, we chide delay;
Still Memory's leaves are round us cast,
And strew our way.

Even by Lethe's sullen stream,
Are scattered, by the zephyr's breath,
Leaves which recall, as from a dream,
The pearls beneath.

And thus the magic chains she weaves
To darkest hours a solace give,
For Memory must preserve her leaves
That Hope may live! A. E. B.

A SONNET.

TAKE one idea, whether bright or dull
No matter, so there be but only one;
Though fancy tempt with scores more beautiful,
Turn from them all and cleave to that alone;
Through three trim quatrains let it smoothly run,
No misplaced vigor roughen its advance,
Like that with which, to dawn from set of sun,
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Some Colin Clough toils through the contra-dance;
And if, ere yet the lawful length be done,
The dragged idea utterly give out,
Still ring the tintinnabulum,—rhyme on,
You'll find a precedent or two, no doubt;
A couplet add, spend some half hour upon it,
And you will have, to pay your pains—a Sonnet.—E. S.

Western Sketches.—No. 3.

(See the Engraving.)

THE JUSTICE.

BY THE EDITOR.

SOME people think litigation an evil, but not a few in the Western country seem to count it among their pleasures. The calm tenor of rural life is seldom interrupted by any thing in the way of amusement, that is to say, of what the uneducated world calls amusement. Day succeeds day with scarce a variation in toil; and the Sabbath is spent either in a continuation of the same toils, in the pursuit of game, or in attendance on some place of worship, whence all that is beautiful and attractive, whether in sights or sounds, is shut out, and a poor, barren, lifeless or fanatical presentation of religion too often the only resource. The substitute for music on such occasions is the nasal twang caught of some itinerant singing-master, one of a class of people who may be said to *infest* the back country. This music, being destitute of all that moves the soul or excites the fancy, scarcely deserves the name.

As for beauty to delight the eye, it abounds everywhere out of doors. Rich foliage, a resplendent sky seen through an atmosphere of Italian transparency silver, streams and lakes at every turn, overflowing fertility that makes the fields 'to laugh and sing'—all these, and more than we can enumerate are there—but where is the taste which can enjoy such things, and appropriate them, and incorporate them, day by day, with the very being? Where no culture is, a taste for the beautiful, though not wholly extinct in any human heart, is obscure and almost impotent. You remark, "A fine sunset!" "Yes;" will be the reply, "I hope we a'n't goin' to have rain till after the wheat 'ten." "What a beautiful view!" you say again. "Poor property, though," will be the response. The unopened mind is ignorant alike of its needs and its capabilities. It feels indeed a lack of something essential, and it tries to supply the want by—what? reading? watching the chasing clouds? listening to the music of brook and bird? Ah no! it tries whiskey, perhaps, or tobacco, or camp-meeting, or election, or—a law-suit. It would have faith in culture, if it knew what culture is. It would sometimes find consolation and interest in religion, if religion were presented as Christ presented it to those who came about him, in simplicity under the open sky. But for lack of what should be, it accepts what should

not be. Mere animal excitement—nay, even the rousing of the angry and destructive passions, is preferred to apathy.

This is the only method in which we are able to account for the frequency of petty law-suits, where law is dear and land cheap; where cattle may pasture upon 'a thousand hills,' like the herds of the patriarchs, without trenching upon anybody's rights; where 'grass grows and water runs' unclaimed by anybody but the government, which disturbs no one; and above all, where the most valuable of all earthly possessions is time, since that alone is wanting to do all that must needs be done before the wilderness can blossom as the rose, and where the price of a man's day is therefore higher than in almost any other part of the world. Yet, all these utilitarian considerations will not hinder the most pains-taking, money-scraping, penurious old clod-compeller, from going to law about a length of fence—a stick of timber—the right to water cattle in a particular spot—the price of a plough-point, or the setting of a saw. It is surprising to see the energy and perseverance that will be wasted in this way. The man who could not be persuaded to mend a broken latch to keep the cows out of the garden, or to stop a leak that lets the rain in upon his bed, is the very one who will be punctual as the sun at the Justice' Court, whether his own cause is coming on or not; as anxious to see the side he espouses come off the triumphant winner of fifty cents, as if the title to his own farm hung upon the result. And long observation has convinced us that, in a majority of such cases, mere longing for excitement is the moving cause—one which can be remedied only by the sedulous introduction of means of real solid culture among this people, too able, too noble, to bear the stagnation of ignorance without some effort, however insane, for mental action.

The Justice' Court is held sometimes in the tavern, sometimes (rarely) in the school-room, but usually near the domestic hearth—in the family-room, where the Lares and Penates may sit in judgment, if they will, on the decisions of their *protégé*. The mother gathers up her sewing and her babies, brushes the hearth, puts the table in its place, and then withdraws to the 'bed-room,'—not but the Justice' Court has a bed in it, too, as



that is considered no disqualifying circumstance. (Q. did the '*lit de justice*' arise from some primitive custom of the sort?) There the dame sits, joggling the cradle and darning the stockings; coming into court now and then, to look for her scissors, or to skim the pot which sings over the fire, the lawyers and witnesses civilly making way for her, unless the stage of pleadings is too absorbingly interesting to allow them to observe her presence. The baby may cry, or Johnny fall down and break 'his precious nose,' nobody calls 'silence!' since that is past hoping for. If the older and more unruly of the children *will* hang about too pertinaciously, the Justice may call out, now and then, 'Mother! can't you take these 'young 'uns' away? they bother me!'

And the mother calls, and they obey—if they have a mind to.

The Justice' Court being held in this uncere- monious sort of way, nothing is easier than to get sight of one at any time when a cause of any interest is coming on. Such causes excite a good deal of talk in the neighborhood, and, as we have before said, draw together all the men, of whatever occupation. By the convenient vicinity of the 'bed-room,' the lady of the public functionary may hold her levée at the same time with his court, and give her gossips the advantage of all the pleadings, as well as of the earliest knowledge of the decision. If the parties are well-off, they generally employ young lawyers from the neighboring villages, and these, called to plead before a plain, and often very ignorant farmer, delight in not only throwing learned dust into his eyes, by the use of Latin more barbarous even than that of the law-books, but also in tickling his ears by the incessant repetition of 'Your Honor!' a sound delicious in proportion to its novelty, and the shortness of the period during which it will probably be enjoyed,—justice-ships shifting like the elouds, where all are equally anxious for the office and equally eligible to it.

As may be supposed, under these circumstances, decisions are often so monstrously unjust and improper that the whole public voice cries out at once against them; in which case a new trial is inevitable, and more loss of time and money, more ill-blood, and more disappointment follow, both parties growing more angry as the dispute proceeds, and as the result appears less certain. Testimony, in bringing forward new points, brings up old grievances; treachery is developed, party feelings are raised, family secrets dragged to light;—and the end of all is, too often, sorely-wounded feelings, life-long enmity, and perhaps secretly-nourished schemes of revenge. Some, to be sure, look at a law-suit as a sort of game, and take the winning or losing as coolly as if it were only at their favorite 'checkers;' but it is rare to see two men

who can shake hands heartily after a law-suit, and turn off the matter with a laugh.

Much mischief is done by a mean, unscrupulous class of lawyers, not a whit behind those whose venomous faces haunt the Tombs, lying in wait for the unwary and the wretched. In a country which is the land of golden promise for adventurers, it is not to be wondered at that this kind of harpy should find entrance and support, even in a quiet and honest community. Such infest every society where law as a profession has been established—witness Dickens' account of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, who incited Mrs. Bardell to sue for breach of promise, promising to do their part 'on spec,' and then throwing her into prison for the costs. A case of this kind which fell under our knowledge, shows that law-rogues are identical, everywhere.

A man who was known as an exceedingly rude, quarrelsome and litigious fellow, complained that several acres of his 'mash' were flooded by the setting-back of the water of a mill which had just been built in the neighborhood. As the fact was evident, the owner of the mill offered compensation, and proposed to submit the amount to arbitration. This was indignantly rejected. The land had cost its possessor ten shillings per acre, bought of the government. It was wet land, always, and useless except for mowing, when the hay would bring perhaps five dollars annually. But the price demanded was considerably over *one hundred dollars* the acre. This being out of the question, the mill-owner resolved to let the law decide the matter, whenever his neighbor should see fit to sue, as he loudly threatened to do.

At this stage of proceedings, a lawyer of the class to which we have alluded, hearing of the angry talk of the litigant, succeeded in making him believe that it was easy for him to oblige the owner to pay the thousand dollars demanded, or *take down his mill*—an alternative always insisted upon in the course of these discussions. Thus excited, the man, keen enough in most matters, was so blind as to begin by giving the lawyer,—who professed to be entirely disinterested, but wishing security for form's sake, though he promised never to demand payment if unsuccessful,—a *lien* upon part of his farm, quite secure that what he was to gain would make him too rich to care for a farm—his lawyer assuring him that the mill, then in full operation, would eventually fall into his hands.

The delays of the law deferred the trial for some time. The threats were louder than ever, and the lawyer more assiduous as the cause was deferred; the passions of the quarreller became more exasperated, and the cunning tempter at his ear offering fresh hopes, piece after piece of his farm was mortgaged for costs of suit. Meanwhile the

mill-owner, not being very sure that justice would have her bandage on when the time of trial came, felt anxious to settle the matter without a resort to her ladyship; and taking a friend with him, and a bag containing two hundred and fifty silver dollars, (those being the days of 'Wild-Cat Banks.') by way of tangible evidence of his desire for a settlement, called once more on his loud-talking neighbor, and made a final effort at an adjustment, though at a cost which judicious people thought five times the worth of the land in question. This offer was rejected with scorn, and the old alternative of—'a thousand dollars or take down your mill'—was repeated as the ultimatum.

But at this time of rapid emigration, when the building of mills was felt to be the making of the country, while the evil complained of in this case,—the flooding of more land than was allowed for in the formation of ponds,—gave rise to frequent litigation by sharpers, it had been found necessary to take the circumstances of the case into consideration in deciding similar causes, lest, as there were few scientific mill-wrights, whose knowledge would secure their employers against these unlucky accidents, the erection of mills should be checked, and so great evil ensue. When the matter did at last come to trial, therefore, and lawyers were heard on both sides, the Court awarded *seventeen dollars* damages to J. M., being the value of the *hay* which he might have cut from his marsh in three years during which the trespass had existed.

In six months from that time, J. M. was turned off his farm by his lawyer and the store-keeper who had furnished his family with goods during

the time when he neglected his business to pursue his law-suit; and he disappeared from the neighborhood to begin the world anew, further west, with the axe on his shoulder almost his sole possession.

The owner of the mill now wished to buy the flowed land of the store-keeper, into whose hands it had fallen; but it was too precious a bone of contention to be given up at any price. He preferred holding it, not knowing, as he said, *what might happen*; that is to say, looking forward to some snug bit of litigation in future. So we may hear of it again some day.

The suits brought in Justices' Courts are often ludicrously small in their commencements, though they not unfrequently become formidable before they are finished. We have seen a suit for seventy-five cents swell to a hundred dollars on each side, and the litigants, bull-dog like, as loth to quit their hold as ever. Mere passionate quarrels, leading to blows, are common ground of law-suits, the combatants sometimes pleading each his own cause in person. Cases occur in which the women are brought in as witnesses and these are generally uncommonly rich ones, affording talk for miles round long after. The ladies are even occasionally the heroines of court-scenes, being "bound over to keep the peace" when they have been too belligerent in act or threat. The poor husband cuts a melancholy figure on these occasions.

But we must leave something for our artist to tell, and we doubt not the reader will discover his meaning without any amplification of ours.

THE INDIAN'S LAST LAMENT.

"Climbing the western barrier of the Rocky Mountains, and casting one longing, lingering look behind, over their forsaken hunting grounds and the sepulchres of their fathers, they disappear forever from the view."

I STAND upon the utmost verge
Of Freedom's last retreat,
And feel the everlasting surge
Still breaking at my feet—
The surge of pale-faced men that come
From every distant strand,
To find a refuge and a home
In Freedom's chosen land.

'T was Freedom's home in ages past,
When, subject but to God,
In wilderness and prairie vast,
The untamed Indian trod—
Free as the mountain stream that glides
Meandering to the main,
Free as the mountain storm that rides
In fury o'er the plain.

'T is Freedom's still—to those who wear
Her warrant in the skin,
Though all the darkest forms they bear
Of slavery within.
'T is Freedom's still—but not for those,
To whom, by deed from heaven,
With ages of possession closed,
Its fair broad fields were given.

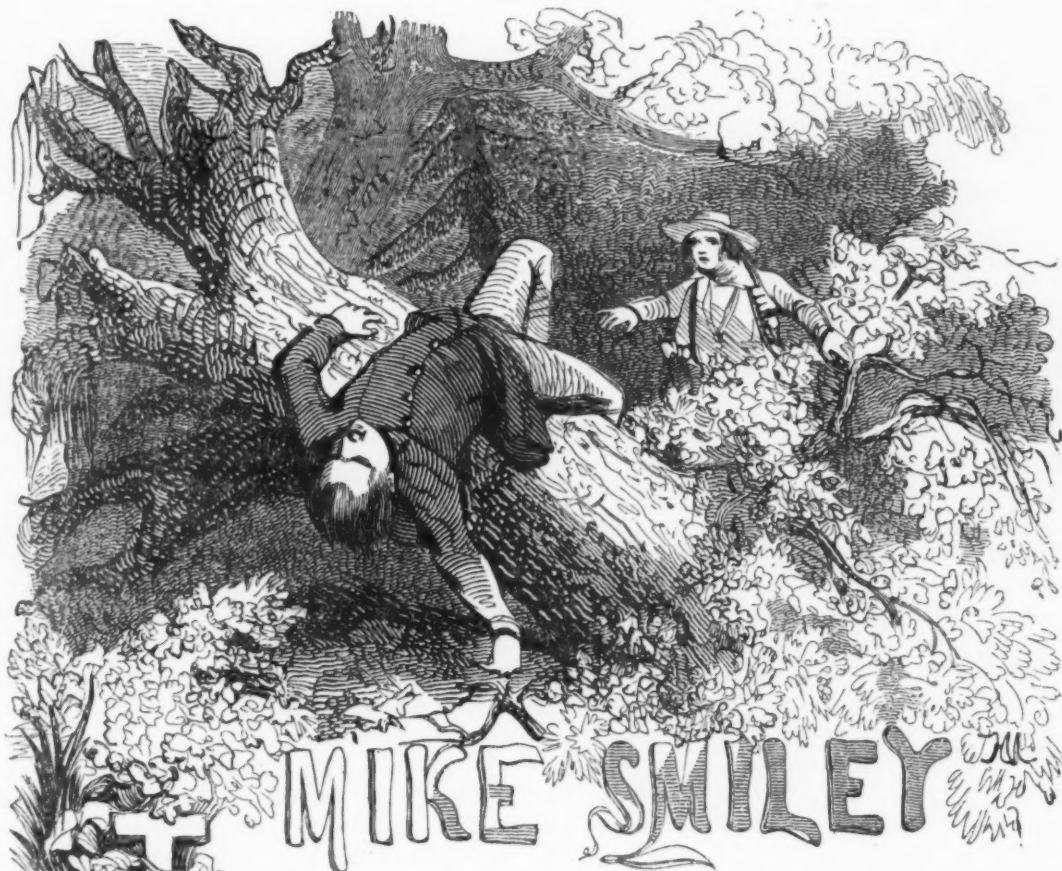
All men, of every name and faith,
As by a right divine,
Find shelter and repose beneath
Our fig-tree and our vine;—
But we, the children of the soil,
Our mighty, and our brave,
Abandoned to a ruthless spoil,
Here only find a grave.

MIKE SMILEY.

BY FATHER FRANK.

"Such stuff are Yankees made of."

CHAPTER I.



T HERE is a small village on the west bank of the Connecticut, not many miles from the point where the boundaries of three states meet. The houses, at the time when our tale commences, were few and scattered; and there was nothing in the aspect of the greater part of them that would either attract the attention or invite the stay of the passing traveller. They were low, dark, without ornament, either of architecture or horticulture, and almost without any of the ordinary signs of comfort, which so commonly accompany the cottage of a New England farmer. The fences which here and there appeared in broken patches, straggling, or rather staggering from field to field, or from house to house, indicated both the care and thrift of a former generation which placed them there in due order and stability, and the degeneracy of the present, which had left them to decay and the winds. Every thing about the village was in keeping with the fences, and, as a matter of course, the animals and the children, (I name

them in the order of apparent intelligence and cultivation,) were in no keeping at all. The fields were the best possible illustration that modern times can afford, of the garden of the sluggard, so well described by Solomon; except that, in this case, the soil seemed to be so utterly exhausted, that even the brier refused to grow there, and the thistle scorned to be seen in the stunted growth to which alone it could attain. The white-headed children, and the equally white-bodied pigs, among whom they played and rolled in the dirt, as their fit companions and equals, gave to the passer-by the only signs of life the village afforded, save when, occasionally, a broken-down, withered figure of a woman, issued from the door of her hut, to draw water from the common well, or gather up a few chips, or, more probably, abstract another rail from the useless fence, to keep alive the scanty embers that were smoking on her cheerless hearth.

It was about noon of a sultry day in August, when a traveller on horseback rode slowly through the village, on his way to the mansion of a friend,

about five miles above, on the banks of the river, but within the precincts of the same town, of which the village was a part. He was tall, well-formed, and handsome. His dress was that of a sportsman; and a beautiful pointer that panted lazily after him, with his feverish tongue hanging as if it would drop from his mouth, confirmed the suspicion suggested by his dress. This horse and the rider were evidently equally languid and fatigued; and at every cottage as they passed, there seemed to be on the countenance of each an expression of despairing disappointment, that no one offered any temptation for even a temporary halt to man or beast. From the outward appearance, a sojourn in any of them would have been anything but repose or refreshment to the traveller; while the shadeless aspect of the yards and fields would but leave the horse exposed to the unmitigated heat of the sun.

Fatigue and thirst, however, are urgent solicitors, and, in their extremes, not over fastidious. They would not be denied; and our traveller, after turning in disgust from seven, made a desperate resolve that at all events the next house should furnish what it could for his relief. As he approached it, his courage began to fail, for, if possible, it looked more cheerless than any he had passed. But his mind once made up he seldom allowed himself to hesitate; and, with a firm hand he turned the head of his over-wearied beast towards the door of the miserable tenement in which old Zeb Smiley, familiarly known in the neighborhood as Giant Zeb, had been for three-score and seven years content to vegetate, and to see a numerous progeny of stripling giants of the same name, awake to the same kind of equivocal life, and creep through the same semi-vegetable existence. Wallowing in the dirt before the door, was the last of the many representatives of Giant Zeb, to whom the name of Hopeful Mike, selected for its peculiar inappropriateness, had now become as familiar as his own thoughts. Noticing the first inclination of the traveller to turn aside at his father's door, he scrambled up from the dirt, shook his rags, somewhat as a shaggy water-dog would do on emerging from the water; and, with a regard for decency which appeared singular in such a place and such a person, adjusted the more important of them, so as to make them as available as possible. Finding that the traveller was actually intent upon alighting, Mike made bold to seize the bridle, and to ask, in a very respectful manner, if he might hold the horse.

"There is little fear," replied the stranger, "that he will attempt to move, for he is so overcome by the heat, that he is scarcely able to put one foot before the other. If you will bring me a pail of water I will thank you."

Pleased with any thing that afforded even a

momentary relief from the stagnant monotony of mere being, Mike rushed into the hovel, and immediately re-appeared with an odd-looking and exceedingly antiquated apology for a bucket, accommodated, in the absence of its original iron handle, with a rope which had seen much service. He was followed, on the instant, by a poor and shrivelled piece of mortality as ever claimed the name of woman, screaming after him in a tone quite above the practical gamut, between the labored wheeze of the asthma and the screech of extreme terror. "You lazy, good-for-nothing little varmint, what are you doing with my water? Bring it back, this moment, or I'll skin ye alive."

Surprised at a sight, so unusual, as a gentleman halting at her door, Mrs. Smiley no sooner put her ungainly visage out of the humble portal than she withdrew it again to consider what could be the possible design of so unexpected a visit. Unwilling to intrude upon the rights or disregard the wishes of even the most humble individual, the courteous stranger approached the door and apologized for the disturbance he had occasioned, by explaining the circumstance of his long and weary ride in the heat of the day, his extreme fatigue, and the absolute necessity of obtaining some refreshment for his horse before he could proceed, and adding, that he had asked of her boy the favor of a bucket of water for his horse.

True politeness never fails to win its way to the heart, even of a savage. And he who would soothe and subdue a woman, has only to use a gentle, courteous, conciliating address, and his purpose is accomplished. In a mild and gratified tone, Mrs. Smiley assured the stranger he was entirely welcome to anything her miserable hut could afford, which was little enough, to be sure, for such a gentleman. She wished it was better, but—

"I beg you will make no apologies," interrupted the stranger. "It is I who should apologize for disturbing your house, and not you for your lack of means to entertain me. It is not for myself that I need attention so much as for my beast, and, if you will allow me, I will see what I can do for his refreshment."

While this brief conversation was going on, Mike had begun to busy himself with the horse, and he showed so much skill and aptness in hostlery, that the traveller when he turned that way was fain to leave to him the task he had intended to perform with his own hands. Heated and reeking as the noble animal then was, it was as much as his life was worth to set before him so large a bucket of water. But Mike evidently understood his business, though it would be difficult to conjecture where he had ever had an opportunity to handle a horse before, or to learn how he should be treated. The operation occupied some ten or fifteen minutes, during which the weary traveller

sat upon a rude bench, near the door of the hovel, watching the movements of the boy, and wondering in himself how he could have acquired so much knowledge of hostlery.

"You have been well taught, my boy," said he, "in the care of horses. There are few experienced grooms who could have done it better, and certainly none who would have been more faithful. Where did you learn this art?"

"I never larnt nothing," replied the boy, still continuing to rub down the breast and legs of the beast with unabated zeal, and occasionally dashing a cool handful into his nostrils. "I never larnt nothing, only I heard Jim, the stage-driver, when he stopped one day at Uncle Nat's shop to have a shoe fastened, scolding at Sam for giving his horses water to drink when it would do them more good to put it on their legs, with a leetle washing of their tongues and noses, besides being a tarnal sight safer than drinking when they were all in a lather."

There was nothing remarkable in this long speech of Mike's except its length; and it is doubtful if he had ever before put so many words together in one sentence. But there was a heartiness of tone and accent about it that attracted the notice of the stranger; and when, a few minutes after, as he was in the act of remounting his saddle, he slipped a piece of money into the hand of the astonished and delighted boy, with many thanks for the service he had rendered, he added a word of courteous encouragement, and a prediction that he would one day be master of a horse of his own.

This suggestion touched the deepest chord that had ever vibrated in the heart of Hopeful Mike. Stagnant and uneventful as his brief life had been, he had not been without an occasional aspiration after something higher. He had dreamed of being something and doing something for himself. He had even soared so high in his dreams, as to imagine it possible that he might, at some future day, attain to the dignity of a stage-driver. This was his climax of human greatness. He had never seen a character of so much importance, one whose periodical arrival was so anxiously waited for and so heartily welcomed, or one whose authority in all matters was so absolute, as that of Jim Crawford, the good-natured driver of the Connecticut-River stage.

CHAPTER II.

A FEW days after this incident, Mike was indulging himself in this day-dream of ambition, as he lay, stretched at full length on the bank of the river in the shade of a noble elm. His thoughts could hardly be said to have any definite shape or end, but straggled on in a kind of disjointed reverie, occasionally interrupted by a low whistling soliloquy, to which he was much addicted. Suddenly,

his quick ear was arrested by the distant tramping of a horse. Starting quickly up, he was surprised to see a noble animal, which he recognized, at once as the same that now occupied most of his thoughts, in the act of leaping a broad ditch that intersected the field some sixty or eighty rods from the place where he was. He was fully caparisoned, but without a rider. The leap was one that by common consent would have been called impossible; but it was accomplished with apparent ease. Tossing his head wildly, the beautiful creature, the very embodiment of untameable beauty and power, flew with the speed of the wind towards a deep and broken ravine that separated the open field from a thick and tangled wood beyond.

To follow at the top of his speed was only a natural impulse with Mike. He did not ask himself what was to be gained by it. The object of his pursuit was soon out of sight but not out of hearing. Guided by his ear Mike kept on the chase till he caught another glimpse of the flying animal just dashing over the brow of a precipice some twenty feet high, from which he conceived it impossible that he could ever be brought back alive. In an instant more, however, he was seen darting across the interval below towards the river, into which he flung himself with a plunge, that seemed as if he had intended to span its entire breadth at a leap.

Powerfully and beautifully he dashed aside the waters, and was soon on the opposite shore. The bank was high, steep and sandy. The spot where he landed was only a little narrow shelf of rock, two or three rods in length, the bank at either end being as precipitous as that on the side. There was therefore no escape except through the water. Thus suddenly cut off in his flight, he paused a moment unresolved, and then plunged in again and made his way rapidly towards the other shore.

Mike had watched all his motions with intense interest, and well knowing that his blood would be cooled and his mettle reduced, as well as his strength much exhausted by this effort, prepared to receive him in the best way he could. Concealing himself in the thick bushes that overhung the bank, at the point where, from the direction taken, he supposed the horse would come out, he waited for that moment of suspended power, when the effort to swim gives way to the struggle for a footing on the shore; and then suddenly and boldly seizing the rein, made an easy prisoner of the nearly-exhausted fugitive.

Securing his charge to a tree, he began to think that it was time to look for his master. He accordingly hastened towards the place where the horse had been first seen. Reaching the other side of the gully, he gave a loud 'halloo!' Hearing no response, he followed the track a few rods, till it was lost in a small thicket. Repeating his cry,

at the entrance of the wood, with a clear, long, earnest breath, he thought he heard a very indistinct reply, as of some one at a great distance. Raising his voice to its highest pitch, he reiterated the call. A low, faint moan, as of one in extreme pain and weakness, now fell on his ear. Making his way quickly in the direction from which it came, he soon found the body of his late friend, the young traveller, lying in a most painful position, across the trunk of a fallen tree, and covered with blood, from a wound in the head.

Exerting all the strength he could command, which was very great for one of his years, Mike raised the body from the tree, and laid it gently on the ground, placing a large tuft of moss for a pillow. He then ran to a little brook, which discharged itself into the river, a few yards below, and rolling up two of the broadest leaves he could find into a conical form, for a cup, filled them both with water, which he dashed into the face of the wounded man. This he repeated two or three times, and then, with a sponge of moss, wiped away the blood from the temples and hair. The sufferer was so far revived by these attentions, as to open his eyes, though still unconscious. Encouraged by this sign of returning life, Mike renewed his efforts. At length the lips parted, as it were, by instinct, and the cooling draught found its way to the parched tongue and throat. This was repeated several times, with the happiest effect. The poor man opened his eyes again, and looked about him. For some time he was bewildered, and it was many minutes before he could recall to his memory the countenance of his kind attendant, or account to himself for his own singular situation. At length, after another full draught from the cooling brook, he was so far recovered as to be able to speak. With the warmest thanks, and assurances of a more substantial remembrance, to his deliverer, from whom he had learned the story of the flight, and re-capture of his horse, he recounted the circumstances which brought him into his present sad condition.

He had set out in the morning, on a fox-hunt, in company with his friend, Charles Wilkins, and some of his neighbors. The party had separated at a considerable distance from each other, when suddenly the signal was given on the opposite side of the valley, and all set off at full speed in that direction. He was following rapidly, when another fox started from a little thicket, and flew across his track. Instantly changing his course, he gave chase, determined to have this sport all to himself. He was gaining fast upon his game, when, in leaping over the fallen tree, where Mike had found him, his head must have come in violent contact with the projecting point of a broken limb, which he did not see in season to avoid it. Stunned by the blow, and thrown backward, he fell athwart

the trunk, with no power to move; and in that position he must have lain a full half hour, or more, when Mike discovered him. A half hour longer, and probably life would have been extinct.

As soon as he felt able to be left alone for a few minutes, Mike was despatched for assistance. A litter was brought, the sufferer was carefully placed upon it, and, followed by his horse, which Mike had the proud satisfaction of being permitted to lead, conveyed back to the house of his friend, Charles Wilkins.

From that day, a new era dawned upon the hopes of Hopeful Mike. Eugene Ralston—for that was the name of his patron, whose life he had so singularly been instrumental in saving—immediately claimed him as his own, and, with the ready consent of his parents, installed him as groom to his favorite charger. His rags were exchanged for a neat suit of iron-grey cassimere, a glazed cap with a broad gilt band, and other equipments to correspond. The story of his kind attentions, and ready ingenuity in relieving the distressed sportsman, as well as his success in waylaying and capturing his horse, was in everybody's mouth. His name was honorably mentioned in the newspapers, in connexion with the accident that had befallen Mr. Ralston. And it was now manifest to all, that, if there was anything in Mike to build upon, his fortune was made.

CHAPTER III.

EUGENE RALSTON belonged to one of the most respectable and wealthy families in New England, and Mike, as the preserver of his life, was the object of the regard and gratitude of all his friends. He was immediately placed at school, where he made such rapid progress, as, in the course of a few months, to shoot ahead of some who had enjoyed the same privileges from their earliest childhood.

Emerging so suddenly from the total darkness and stagnant inactivity of his early life, into the broad blaze of comfort, intelligence and respectability, it would not have been surprising if he had been entirely overcome by the change, and thrown into the back-ground. But there was, in the original elements of his character, something substantial to build upon. He could not have remained in his own native village, to the age of manhood, without rising above the level of all about him. And now, when he had every advantage, and every encouragement, which the glorious system of New England education could afford, he seemed, almost at a single stride, to measure the distance between midnight and morning—between the condition of semi-barbarism and that of civilization and refinement, such as is found in the metropolis. Every thing was new—

everything was surprising. He could sometimes hardly believe the evidence of his senses, or realize that the race of beings with whom he was now associated was a part of the same family with those among whom he had always lived.

He was less dazzled by the splendor and luxury of the city, than awed and elevated by the sense of human power, as exhibited in the wonderful achievements of intelligence, skill, and industry. Young as he was, he perceived, almost at a glance, that it was not so much wealth, as a well-directed intelligence, and a high moral estimate of the true ends and aims of life, that constituted the difference between the state of society to which he was now introduced, and that which he had left. And he at once resolved that no effort should be wanting, on his part, to secure all the advantages which his new situation afforded him. He therefore applied himself with a diligence and zeal that could not have failed, even with powers far inferior to his own, to reap a large and rich reward. His progress was rapid and easy; so much so, that a year had not passed before Mr. Ralston perceived, that to carry out his original design, of attaching Mike to himself as a servant, would be doing him great injustice. He not only made himself acquainted with every subject that was brought before him, but he mastered it; as far, at least, as he had means to do so. And the attempt to hold him in a subordinate situation, could not have been long successful, if it had been made.

It was as much to the credit of Mike's heart, as his progress in learning was to that of his head, that, from the very dawning of his better fortune, he never lost sight of his parents, or his native village. He denied himself every indulgence for the pleasure of contributing to the comfort of his mother. Many were the tokens of kindness sent to her during the year; and they were always such as were best adapted to her circumstances.

It was nearly two years from the time that Mike left home, before he was able to make his parents a visit. And then, when his old friend, Jim, the stage-driver, drew up at the door of his father's hut, instead of leaping out, as he thought he should, and shouting at the top of his voice, he buried his face in his hands, and burst into tears. He had never realized, till that moment, the utter desolation of the home of his youth, the entire absence of all that constitutes the comforts of life, in the lot of his parents.

"Halloo, there, Mike, what are you about?" said Jim, throwing down the steps of the stage with a slam that brought Mrs. Smiley to the door, to see what was the matter. In an instant the tears were wiped away, and Mike was in his mother's arms. Poor woman! she could hardly believe her eyes. Was it possible that this brave-looking young man was her own Mike! She put him

from her a moment, and examined him from head to foot, without saying a word, and then, with all a mother's heart, strained him to her bosom, saying, "Mike; you are a good boy, Mike, to remember your poor old mother," and then burst into tears. Jim wiped a drop from his eye, as he mounted his box and drove off, saying to himself, "Well, I have heard of people crying for joy, but I never believed it before."

It was a sad visit for poor, Mike. Every blessing that he had enjoyed during the last two years, every comfort he possessed, was now remembered only to aggravate the contrast between his own lot, and that of his parents. It made him perfectly miserable to look about him; for he felt that as yet, he had no power to effect any substantial change in their condition. He poured out the fulness of his heart to his mother, who was so happy in the good fortune of her boy, as never to have thought that any material change in her own lot could result from it.

"But what can I do, mother," said Mike earnestly, "what *can* I do? I must and will do something. It makes me perfectly miserable to have so many comforts, while you are so poor and wretched. God helping me, it shall not be."

Starting suddenly up, as he said this, he was met by Giant Zeb, who tumbled in at the door, just in time to hear the last words.

"What's that that shall not be? and who's that that says so?" stammered the old man, with the peculiar tone and accent, or rather, with the accentless and toneless utterance of an habitual inebriate.

Mike was struck aback in a moment. His cup was full—he could not speak. His father, tumbling stupidly into the first chair he could reach, did not notice him, and he stood a moment as in doubt whether to speak, or to steal away and weep alone. But the doubt was instantly dissipated by the sharp voice of his mother, screaming bitterly, "Why, Zeb, so drunk that you can't see Mike?"

"Father," said Mike, extending his hand, "do n't you know me?"

"Know you?—let me see," replied the old man, rousing himself up,—“what! you Mike? Why, what a fine gentleman!—come, go down to Tim's, and treat all round, by way of welcome home. Ha! ha! ha! Mike—fine gentleman—plenty of money now—let's have another drink."

It was with much difficulty that the old man was diverted from this thought. He was too far gone to reason. After some time Mike succeeded in coaxing him to lie down on the bed, where he soon fell into a deep sleep, from which he did not awake till a late hour the next morning.

Mike did not close his eyes that night. He was in a perfect agony of spirit. The whole truth

had flashed upon his mind in an instant, when the giant frame of his father, reduced to the feebleness of infancy, with scarcely the instinct of a brute left to guide its motions, tumbled in at the door of his hut, and settled, rather than sat down, in the broken chair by his side. He wondered he had not seen it before. Here was the whole secret of the poverty and wretchedness about him.—*Rum, rum*, that was the fire that had eaten out the substance and the souls of all that desolate village, and consumed parents and children for many generations. It was like a new revelation to his mind. He had seen men intoxicated a thousand times before. He had seen *gentlemen*, as they were called, carried home in a state of helplessness, from a dinner party, and from the society of *ladies* who had furnished the temptation, and plied it with all the seductive arts of flattery which woman has ever at command. It was a national epidemic; and no eye had yet been opened to measure, and no voice raised to deprecate its fearful ravages, though myriads of hearts had been made desolate by it, though widows and orphans had perished by millions in its path, and the alms-houses and the grave-yards of the country were teeming with its annually-increasing multitudes of victims.

CHAPTER IV.

THE subject had taken such hold of Mike's thoughts, that it excluded all others. He could not sleep that night. He did not even attempt it; but sat down near a little old table, and, leaning upon his elbows, with his face upon his hands, he endeavored to measure the length and depth and height and breadth of that awful evil. For a long time he was overwhelmed with its magnitude and omnipotence. To move it, seemed like re-constructing the whole frame-work of society. He did not know where it was possible to make a beginning. At length he remembered that nothing was ever accomplished without a beginning; and beginnings always seem very feeble and inadequate to their end. And the world laughs at them. But upon them all revolutions depend. "And so," said he, striking his hand upon the table with some violence, "I'll begin; but how? where?" and he pondered long and deeply.

"Let me see," said Mike, at length, as he broke from his reverie, and drew out a pencil and paper from his pocket, "how much does it cost my poor father every year for rum? He drinks, upon the average, and has done so, probably, for fifty years, six glasses of rum a-day. This, at four cents a glass, is a quarter of dollar a-day, or a dollar and three quarters every week, or ninety-one dollars a year. *Ninety-one dollars a year!*" exclaimed the astonished youth; "and this, in fifty years, amounts to—what?—impossible!—FOUR THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS!!"

Mike was overwhelmed with the results of these simple calculations. "*Four thousand five hundred and fifty dollars!* for one man to consume in making a beast of himself. What a little fortune that would be!" Mike went on. "The man who spends this sum for rum, loses at least twice as much every year, in being unfitted for labor; and as much more in the waste and destruction of his goods and property—the health and comfort of his family—which result from intemperance. Here, then, is more than *twenty thousand dollars*, which one man has sacrificed to the appetite for strong drink. And there are—let me think—one, two, three—twenty men, in this poor, desolate village, each of whom has been as deeply devoted to his cup as my father; and what does all this amount to? **FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!!** Ah! I see through it all; enough to make every man a prince; and this accounts for the fact, that Tim Cochrane is the only man in the village who owns a decent house, or ever has anything comfortable for his family. All this money goes into his pocket. Ah! I have it—I have it —"

Mike could scarcely wait for the morning, so eager was he to lay these astounding results before his father and the neighbors. They grew upon his imagination every moment, as the night advanced; and, at the earliest peep of day, having commended himself and his cause to God, he left his little room, and sallied out into the field, to refresh himself for the day's work that was before him. He had found a place to begin it, and he was resolved, however hopeless it might seem, to begin at once, and do what he could.

He could not refrain from opening his budget first to his mother; for he felt bitterly, how terribly she had suffered from that dreadful scourge. But the poor woman had suffered so long, that it seemed to her as necessary and unavoidable as death. She had never dreamed of release, or comfort, but in the grave. She stared wildly, when Mike told her of the money that had been worse than wasted in that poor, desolate place. She did not believe there was so much money in the world. "Ah! it is no use, Mike," said she, "it's no use; you might as well try to stop the river flowing."

But Mike would not think so; and he waited for his father to rouse himself from that death-like apathy. But he found him a desperately hard subject. He would not believe the figures. He would not believe anything. Besides, he could as well live without air as without rum. Mike was as persevering as his father was obstinate. He would not leave him till he had made him count it over on his fingers, and reckon it up for himself; and then he was obliged to acknowledge, that his rum cost him within a fraction of one hundred dollars a year. He did not suppose, at first, that he

ever had so much money in any one year of his life. He was really alarmed. "But come," said he, "let's go down to Uncle Nat's, and see what he'll say to it."

Mike felt ready to face the whole world, for he knew he was right; he knew that figures, if placed right, always tell the truth. So he accompanied his father to Uncle Nat's. The smithy was next door to Tim Cochrane's; and there was never a shoe set, or a nail driven, that Tim did not reap the benefit of it. In that smithy, before an audience of some ten or twelve of the most ragged, squalid, filthy-looking beggars that were ever brought together in one place, out of the almshouse, was delivered, by Mike Smiley, the first teetotal temperance lecture that ever was attempted in these United States. The congregation was motley, irregular, and not so thoroughly open to conviction as could have been desired. It was some time before Mike could gain anything like general attention. But when Uncle Nat, who was considered good at figures, had examined the whole statement carefully, marking it down with chalk on the dingy walls of his shop, and finally, though very reluctantly, was compelled to acknowledge that it was entirely correct, the whole company opened their eyes wide with astonishment, and stood gaping at each other, as if they had lost the power of speech.

At this moment, Mike jumped upon the anvil, with his paper in his hand, and commenced a set speech. He explained fully the results to which his figures led, and showed clearly, that there was not a man before him who had not already expended in rum, and in the losses occasioned by rum, a handsome fortune. He pointed to their fields, which might have been, if properly cared for, as rich and fruitful as any on the banks of their noble river. He pointed to their hovels, and asked what made the degrading contrast between them and the palaces of some of the farmers of that beautiful valley. He pointed to their wives, who were little better than slaves, leading a miserable, half-starved, comfortless life, in the midst of a land flowing with milk and honey. He pointed to their children—but he could not sketch that picture—and then to their own persons, and the sketch he gave of them was such as actually made those hardened old sots blush and feel ashamed to be seen of each other. Mike saw his advantage. "I am but a boy," said he, "and why do I speak so? Because I love you. I am one of you; bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh. There is my father; and there, yonder," (wiping a tear from his eye), "my poor old mother. You are all my friends; and I cannot bear to go back to the comforts and blessings which are provided for me, in my new home, and feel that I have left you in this unhappy condition. Have I not told

you the truth? Is it not rum that makes all the difference between us? How many comforts would not that hundred dollars a-year purchase for your wives and children! How differently would your houses look if you should spend it upon them! How differently would *you* look if you should spend it in clothing, and in wholesome food! How differently would this whole village look if that *four hundred thousand dollars*, which you have drank up in rum, had been laid out in improving your lands, repairing and ornamenting your houses, educating your children, making your wives comfortable, and making men—yes, making *men*—of yourselves! Are you men now? Look at yourselves—look at each other—are you men? Do you look as if you had minds?—souls?—hearts?"

Surprised at his own boldness, Mike jumped down from his rostrum, and taking his father by the hand, begged he would forgive him if he had spoken too plainly. The whole audience was confounded. They had been taken by surprise. Every man of them was convinced; but habit long indulged gains a terrible advantage over conscience. An impression was made, but it needed to be followed up, blow upon blow, to make it effective and lasting.

Giant Zeb was the first to break silence. "I tell you what, Uncle Nat," said he, "the boy's right. But what can we do?"

"Do?" answered Tim Cochrane, who stepped in just at this moment from behind the door, where he had overheard the whole; "do? come into my shop, and I'll tell you what to do."

The whole charm was broken in an instant. In vain did Mike plead and beseech his father not to go. In vain did he remind them all of his figures. Uncle Nat led the way, and they all followed. What followed that, need not be told.

CHAPTER V.

MIKE made a very prudent use of all the little savings of his wages, in putting the house into more comfortable order for his mother. When he returned to Mr. Ralston's, he took an early opportunity to call the attention of that gentleman to the figures he had made at home. Mr. Ralston, though a temperate man, for those days, was astonished at the result. He gave the subject his serious attention. He assisted Mike in getting at some further statistics upon the subject. Mike pursued it with the ardor of a man whose heart is in his work. The farther he proceeded, the more he was astonished—overwhelmed. At length, he ventured to put his investigations into the form of an essay, which he sent to one of the leading journals of the city, with the signature, 'Total Abstinence.'

That article was the leader of one of the mightiest revolutions that ever swept over the face of society. It was copied into all the papers. It attracted universal attention. It was talked of in all the streets, and at every table, and at every fire-side. It was fiercely attacked on every side, and that by some of the ablest pens in the nation. But its positions were impregnable. Not one of them was ever refuted, or even so much as shaken. They are to this day, the grand colossal columns that support the central dome of the Temple of Temperance.

This essay was followed up by others, by the same hand. And when, by-and-by, it came out, that the mover of all this far-reaching excitement, was a humble lad scarcely nineteen years of age, in an inferior station in society, the excitement became still deeper and more general. Mike was called out—not to fight, as would perhaps have been the case if all this had happened elsewhere—but to explain himself more fully.

So well had he availed himself of the advantages to which his relation to Mr. Ralston had introduced him, that he did not hesitate, after consultation with that gentleman, and receiving his approbation, to propose a public lecture. This was attended by a crowded audience, who were completely astounded at the fearful picture of the then state of our country. So many desired to hear it who could not be accommodated, that it was necessary to repeat it. Then it was called for in other places. Everywhere it produced a marked impression. It excited enquiry. It provoked discussion. It led to self-examination.

Mike's hands were now full. He had made his beginning, and a noble beginning it was. But where was it to end? What was the remedy for the tremendous evils that were consuming the vitals of society. On this point, the young orator allowed no compromise. It was "*total abstinence!*" and he laid it down with great emphasis, showing clearly that this was the only ground on which the intemperate could ever hope to become temperate, or the temperate to remain so.

The results of that grand moral movement are well known. Look abroad over our fair land, and see millions of acres then arid and sterile, now blooming and fruitful; thousands and tens of thousands of hearths then desolate, now cheerful and bright as the early remembrance of home—countless broken widowed hearts made whole by the returning sunshine of love and plenty, and whole families, yea whole communities, then dispersed, divided, hovering around the purlieus of the alms-house or the prison, now gathered, united, industrious, intelligent—as it were a nation born in a day, or a whole tribe redeemed from servile bondage. Men, fathers, husbands, legislators, teachers, once raving, delirious, fierce brutal,

now clothed and in their right minds, risen as it were from the second death, and standing erect, beloved and honored, in the high places of our land.

Discouraging as was the prospect in his native village, Mike did not despair. He was frequently there, and so diligently and faithfully did he ply the arguments and persuasions of a heart warm to the life in his subject, that he succeeded, at length, in obtaining a solemn promise from his father, that he would try the experiment for one year. Zeb Smiley was a man of more than ordinary natural abilities, and his resolution, once taken, was proverbially unchangeable. By his influence, Uncle Nat was brought to the same stand. Both of them signed their names to the same paper, and thus each became a sentinel over the other. The whole neighborhood of tipplers was in consternation. Tim Cochrane was in a rage. His craft was in danger. In his passion, he pounced upon Uncle Nat's forge and tools, to secure the balance of his score at the counter, and turned him out of his shop. The effect of this was salutary. Uncle Nat and Zeb immediately went off together at the suggestion of Mike, and, by his aid, secured a valuable contract for labor in clearing a new road, which furnished full and profitable employment for the whole season. They labored side by side, encouraging and strengthening each other. And daily, as the effects of their old habits wore off, and their strength, physical and mental, increased, they found their toils grow sweeter and lighter. Mike continued his labors in the village, till he obtained the names of more than two-thirds of the old toppers to his pledge. By the aid of Mr. Ralston, he set up a temperance store, which was kept by one of his cousins; and, before the year was out, Tim Cochrane was obliged to move away for want of custom to sustain his business.

Go through that village now, and what a change! The houses are all neatly painted or white-washed, the fences in good repair, the fields waving with plentiful harvests, or green and blooming with the first promise of the year. The daily gathering of bright-faced, happy throngs of children to the school-house, and the Sabbath meeting of a grave, decent, devout congregation of parents and children in the house of God, all tell of the marvellous, the almost miraculous change that has come over the scene. If the story had been told fifty, or even twenty years ago, it would have been set down for fiction—a picture that might look well on paper, but could never be reduced to real life. But we have seen it with our own eyes. We know the spot. We know many of them, and if it is worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see Herculaneum and Pompeii recovered, all dead and silent and soulless, from the burial of ages, what is it not worth to the heart of a philanthropist, to see

hamlets and villages and towns recovered from a moral burial, and not only dwellings and fields and gardens thrown open to the reviving light and showers of heaven, but their occupants restored to life and health and beauty, and men, women and children, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, young men and maidens, rejoicing together, and blessing God and each other in their marvellous resurrection from the dead.

CHAPTER VI.

MIKE SMILEY now became an object of public notice. Mr. Ralston, who was struck with his singular ability to master whatever he undertook, encouraged him to prosecute his studies to the utmost, freely advancing him all the means necessary to the accomplishment of an object so near his heart. When his education was completed, and he was admitted to the bar, Mr. Ralston took him into his own office, the better to introduce him to the routine of business.

He had been but a few months in this situation, when a singular accident occurred, which greatly assisted in bringing him into the very foreground of his profession. Mr. Ralston had been engaged in a very important case, which had been contested for many years, and which was now about to be brought to a close. The parties were both eager for an immediate issue, but Mr. Ralston's client had procured a long delay, in order to bring up some witnesses, who had been long absent at sea. All was now ready, and the day of trial fixed. Mike, who, in hunting up authorities, copying and comparing documents, and writing out heads of arguments, had made himself acquainted with all the principles involved, as well as with the facts in the case, had entered into it with all the energy and ardor of his soul. The court was held in a county-town, about thirty miles from the city. Mike, or rather Mr. Smiley, had gone thither by the stage. Mr. Ralston, for the benefit and pleasure of the exercise, went on horseback, on the same noble steed by whose means our young hero was first made acquainted with his patron, and now partner. The horse was somewhat advanced in years, but had lost very little of his early fire and beauty.

A few miles from the city, it was necessary to cross a bridge, over a narrow creek, or arm of the sea, in the middle of which was an ill-constructed draw, for the benefit of vessels occasionally passing up and down the creek. The draw had been opened that morning, and, though apparently replaced, was not properly secured. Mr. Ralston was the first to pass over it, and, being in a profound study upon the knotty points of his case, did not perceive that anything was out of the way. No sooner, however, was his full weight brought

upon the draw, than it gave way at once, and plunged both the horse and his rider into the deep water below.

With singular presence of mind, though not without great difficulty, Mr. Ralston kept his seat in the saddle; and his noble steed, not unused to the water, rising to the surface, struggled bravely to reach the shore. Here, however, was a difficulty almost insurmountable. Though the creek was narrow, the bank was absolutely perpendicular, and of a soft clayey consistency, that allowed nothing like a foothold. After many unsuccessful attempts, Mr. Ralston bethought himself of an expedient to effect his own escape, if he could not save his horse. Suddenly springing to his feet upon the saddle, he gave a powerful leap toward the bank, and just succeeded in gaining it, so as to secure himself by grasping the long tough grass on its edge. He now took a rail from a fence near by, and proceeded to break away the sharp angle of the bank, in the hope that it might make a path for his horse. In this he was so far successful, that, in half an hour from the time he commenced, he was enabled to re-mount, and ride home. Fortunately he had emerged from the creek on the side towards the city, and was, therefore, not obliged to go round a great distance, in order to procure a change of clothing.

The season was October; and an exposure for so long a time, to the cold air, in wet clothing, was not without serious consequences. Mr. Ralston was obliged to take to his bed at once, where he was confined some weeks, with a violent fever, and in imminent danger of his life.

In the meantime, the court had assembled, the parties were there, with their witnesses, and everything waited for the arrival of Mr. Ralston. As it had been positively arranged, at the previous session, that the case should come on that day, and that a proposal for any further continuance from either of the parties, should be equivalent to a non-suit, the opposing party endeavored to avail himself of this unexpected delay, pretending that it was a premeditated *ruse*, to procure a respite, which could not be had in any other way. Mr. Smiley, who fortunately had the satchel, with all the papers, finding that the day was wearing away, and knowing that all would be lost, if something were not done immediately, proposed to the judge to commence the case, as Mr. Ralston would undoubtedly be there in a short time. It was a terrible step for poor Mike. Not only were hundreds of thousands pending upon the result, but Mr. Ralston's standing and fame as a lawyer were at stake. He hoped to be able to consume time in unimportant preliminaries, till his partner should arrive.

His partner did not come, however, and it was not many hours before Mike knew that the whole

case had devolved all at once upon him. His opponents would not listen to a postponement, though the hand of Providence had seemed to make it necessary. And the case came on. Mike was all alone; his whole frame was agitated; but his mind was clear and bold. He had grasped all the points in the case; he had measured the length and breadth of his antagonist; and with the desperate energy of one who has every thing to lose, or every thing to gain, in a single throw, put forth his utmost efforts to do justice to the cause. It was a wonderful effort. The examination of the witnesses—the statement of his case—the detection and exposure of the weak points and sophistries of his opponent—the laying down of the

principles of law—the argument and appeal to the jury—all of every part would have done credit to the most experienced lawyer of the bar. It was not only a wonderful effort, but a successful one; and Mike had the proud satisfaction, at the end of the week, of announcing to Mr. Ralston, in his sick room, the favorable verdict.

‘Onward, still onward,’ was Mike’s motto. And onward, still onward he marched, rising step by step, in influence and power, till he reached the Halls of Congress; and if he does not, at no distant day, fill the presidential chair, it will be rather because he is too straight forward and honest for any party, than because he is wanting in ability to fill the station, or ambition to aspire to it.

THE DOCTOR.

(See the Engraving.)

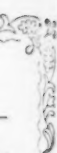
BY THE EDITOR.

YOUR country doctor is a most important personage. Besides the instinctive deference with which we are apt to regard skill of all kinds, uncultivated people have a superstitious reverence for medicine, as an occult agent—a something of mysterious powers; not producing results by any known rule, but depending for success upon various contingencies, such as ‘the time of the moon,’ the ‘sign,’ or even the ‘turn of the tide.’ The doctor, therefore, who deals with these secret powers, is looked upon somewhat in the light of an astrologer. His words and looks are anxiously watched, that they may be repeated afterwards in whispering conclaves of old women, who draw auguries from them which they deliver with mysterious signs, shrugs and castings up of the eyes, enough to make one’s blood run cold. Every country neighborhood has its knot of these crones; so that where the doctor does not happen to be an old woman himself, ten to one but his prescriptions are marred, his opinion disputed, and the patient killed by the interference of ignorance and superstition. The doctor in our picture looks as if some old lady had been meddling with his plan of treatment.

Simplicity of prescription is considered proof presumptive against the skill of a country physician. If he recommend but a *single* drug, especially if that is one which has lost its claim to reverence by familiarity, his knowledge is condemned at once. This is not a frequent fault, however. Country

physicians seldom err in doing too little. The energy of their practice is terrific; their bleedings and blisterings would tax the powers of the strongest constitution, even without the additional trial of disease. Their prescriptions too, are often most complicated, perhaps in order to conciliate the synod of old ladies, who have no faith in any recipe that does not profess to contain one ‘healing’ ingredient, one ‘drawing’ one, one ‘cooling,’ one ‘warmin’ like,’ one ‘strengthenin’ and one ‘good for the heart,’ not to speak of various other properties of equal importance.

The prognosis of the country doctor is almost always unfavorable. Whether he, is by nature and recollection of ill success, a man of a depressed and gloomy temperament, or whether he adopts what he may think a justifiable method of enhancing his reputation in case the patient happen to get well—the shaking of his head at the outset is always portentous. He is sorry he was not called in earlier; but he will do what he can! These things are sometimes pretty manageable, but no one can tell what turn they may take! He has often known a cut finger produce lock-jaw, or a bruised knee mortify! The portly dame in our picture looks as if the wise doctor had pronounced some terrible sentence upon her, but we are sure he did not tell her that nothing was the matter with her!



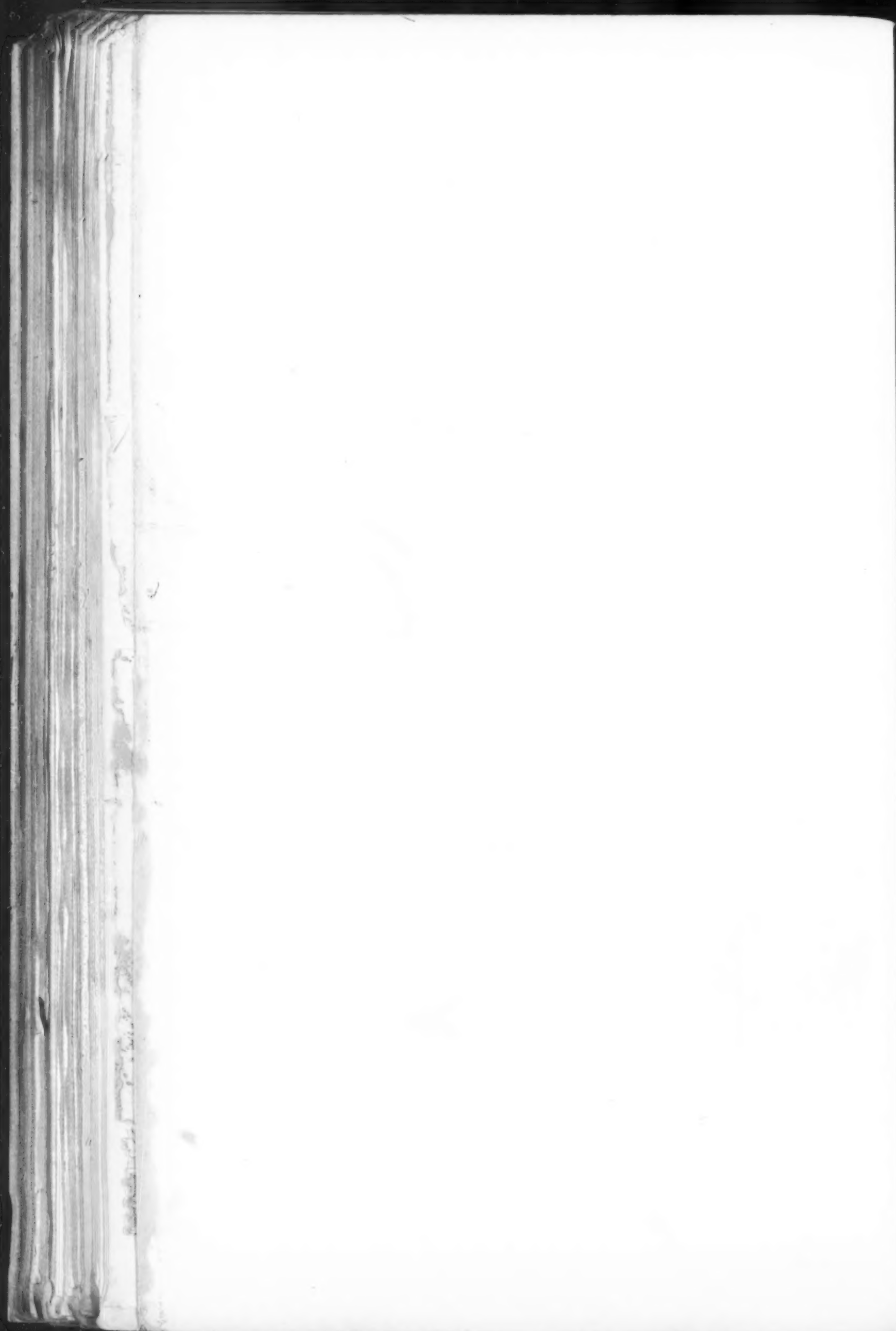
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THE DOCTOR'S



GOETHE.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE of Goethe's 'Rhine-inspired' worshippers, said of him and the glorious stream, "One can compare the river in all points with Goethe. The three little brooks, which, from the height of the tremendous primeval rock, (composed of such various and varying parts,) precipitate themselves and form the Rhine, first bubbling like a sprightly lad, are the three muses, Science, Art, and Poetry; and, as there are still other splendid rivers, the Tessin, the Ada, and Inn, among which the Rhine is most magnificent and famous, so is Goethe also the most magnificent and famous among Herder, Schiller and Wieland; and there where the Rhine forms the Bodensee, that is Goethe's amiable universality, where his spirit is equally pervaded by the three sources. There where it falls headlong over the opposing rocks, that is his daring victory over prejudice, his paganish nature, which foams up mightily, and is tumultuously inspired. Then come his *Xenien* and Epigrams, his *Views of Nature*, which strike in the faces of the old Philistines; and his philosophical and religious aims, which bubble and roar between the narrow crags of contradiction and prejudice, and then gradually subside; but now comes the best comparison,"—and then we have a long list of names—"all maiden rivers—" "they are in such a hurry—here away! here away! Then the Maine silently conducts him to the Nid and the Krüftel; *these he quietly swallows, and remains always himself.*" And Bettina says of this fanciful comparison: "I was surprised at this numerous company. Vogt was of opinion that they were by no means all: there was no end of comparison. History and fable, fire and water, all that is above or beneath the earth, he understood how to apply: a rhinoceros-skeleton and petrified palms, which were found in the Rhine, he took as an allegory of the most interesting studies in natural history. Thus he instructed me, and prophesied that thou, like the Rhine, wouldst endure to the end; and, after having satisfied all and enjoyed all, wouldst softly and gently heave on, to the ocean of eternity."

Such was in truth the opinion, widely expressed, which Goethe's contemporaries entertained, and delighted themselves in entertaining, of his outpouring and exhaustless power. They not only received for gospel and recorded all that they could understand, but no less treasured what was entirely above or beyond their comprehension, hoping that study or some new light would bring

that out also. The human soul's propensity to worship was seldom more fully indulged and displayed; and whatever modesty and diffidence may have graced the great poet at the outset of his career, he never seems to have had a misgiving as to his title to all this homage. If others ever lost sight of his position as Grand Lama, he asserted it without scruple; if a rival ventured to look towards the steps of the throne, he was crushed, as one would crush an intruding ant in spite of his industry. The great man, mild and glorious in his genial moods, when the presence of friends and sympathizing admirers lighted the lambent fire in his wonderful eyes, and the music which is far more delicious than that of 'flutes and soft recorders,' soothed his soul to the harmony in which it delighted, could thunder like Jove if a jarring note struck his sensitive ear, leaving the luckless wight who had aroused his ire, withered and blasted, in his own estimation as well as in that of the trembling lookers-on. Instances of this sort are numerous in the accounts of Goethe's later years; and we cannot doubt that his self-appreciation equalled the estimate which the world had then formed of his merits, if it did not exceed it.

We should be far from alleging this as a fault in Goethe. What would be ridiculous vanity in another man is not to be so considered in his case. The very same habit of thought which he used in judging of others, was brought into action when he compared his claims with theirs. So high was his estimate of the possible, that neither his own performance nor other men's could ever approach it near enough to be tried by it; while the distance conquered by each, was, as he felt, measurable and comparable, and as clearly obvious to himself, as to an indifferent person. In other words, Goethe, with his wonderful natural gifts and his unequalled training, was in a condition to look down from an impartial height upon his own performance and that of other men; and, thus looking down, he formed, necessarily, a high estimate of himself, which he took little pains to conceal.

A characteristic anecdote is that which he tells of himself at the very outset of his career—his having been led on to throw the whole family-stock of breakables into the street, incited by the applause of "three grave and solitary men" who lived opposite, and who amused themselves at their neighbor's expense, crying out, "Another!" as fast as the child clapped his hands with delight at

each crash on the pavement. Applause and sympathy continued through life powerful incentives to his efforts; and in the autumn ripeness of his fame, he seems to have felt that heaven and earth stood spectators in place of the three grave brothers. Certainly if he did not imagine this, it was no fault of his worshippers.

Goethe's earliest, deep, soul-stirring and solemn thought—at least the earliest which he has deemed worthy of commemoration in his memoirs,*—was connected with the great earthquake at Lisbon, November 1st, 1755, (misprinted in the life 1775). He says, "The boy, who was compelled to put up with frequent repetition of the whole matter, was not a little staggered. God, the Creator and Sustainer of heaven and earth, whom the leading articles of the Creed declared so wise and benignant, having given both the just and the unjust a prey to the same destruction, did not seem to manifest Himself by any means in a fatherly character. In vain the young mind strove to resist these impressions, which became all the more impossible, since the wise and scripture-learned could not themselves agree as to the light in which such phenomena should be regarded." The questioning spirit was thus early excited, (six years of age,) and turned to important subjects.

That no poetical element might be wanting from the very outset of the unique education of Goethe, his grandfather, the Schultheiss—a precise official, who had the air of a sage, even without "his flowing *robe de chambre*, black velvet cap, and a look somewhat between that of Alcinous and Laertes," as he tended his garden,—was believed to possess the gift of foresight, especially in matters that pertained to himself and his destiny; and no one appears to have had firmer faith in this than the boy himself. He observes, "Persons who showed no sign of prophetic insight at other times, acquired, for the moment while in his presence, and that by means of some sensible evidence, presentiments of diseases or deaths, which were then occurring in distant places." We doubt whether a genuine poet ever lived who did not entertain some form of this superstition. It is for want of faith that we have no new poets.

Nothing surprises the American reader more than the fact which strikes him on every page of Goethe's auto-biography, that the land of the poet's birth must have abounded in *characters*, to a degree which we who have been aptly compared to 'rows of pins,' can scarcely understand or believe. Yet it may be said, in this as in other cases, that to suppose the characters in this book to be the fruit of pure invention, would be taking for granted a greater wonder still. Here, long before Goethe has completed his second lustre, we

have the three grave brothers; the poet's own father (a unique); his notable good mother; the old Italian teacher; a lively aunt, who ran about the neighborhood picking up neglected children, whom she washed and combed and took care of; another aunt and her husband, the pastor; all these, not to mention the pious protestant tinker, who, when some one attempted to shame him out of his faith by asking, "But, who is, really, your confessor?" replied, "I have a famous one—no less than the confessor of King David!" Every one of these is as distinct and life-like as the more elaborate and dignified delineations which abound in the after-part of the history. And the common topics of conversation in the boy's hearing, seem to have been legends of Charlemagne, the Golden Bull, the brave Gunther, pictures and art in general, Rome, the earthquake, questions in religion, education, politics,—Homer, Virgil,—instead of the price of flour and cotton, the fluctuations in stocks, and all forms of the almighty dollar, the gloom of whose glory overshadows our daily life. A boy of six years old building an altar to the God of nature, and placing upon it all his collection of specimens and curiosities, crowning it with pastilles, that the smell of incense might not be wanting, and then lighting the flame by the aid of a burning-glass, with the rays of the rising sun—what would be thought of such a genius within our bounds?

The grand historical character of Frederic II., now filled the thoughts and imaginations of young and old; and the war which he carried so unexpectedly into Saxony, led to family discord, which broke up the calm beauty of Goethe's life at home, while it gave him new material for thought, discrimination and enthusiasm. His grandfather took the Austrian, his father the Prussian side of the question, and here is his reflection on the state of things produced by this difference of opinion: "As the oldest grandson and godchild, I had been in the habit of dining every Sunday since my infancy with my grandparents, and the hours so spent had been the most delightful of the whole week. But now no morsel that I tasted seemed to relish, because I was compelled to hear the most horrible slanders of my hero (Frederic). My liking, and even my respect for my grandparents fell off, yet I could mention nothing about it to my parents. I avoided the matter, both on account of my own feelings and because I had been warned by my mother. In this way I was thrown back upon myself; and as in my sixth year the earthquake at Lisbon had brought the goodness of God into suspicion, so now I began to doubt the justice of the public towards Frederic the Second. My mind was naturally inclined to reverence, and it required a great shock to stagger its faith in whatever was venerable." The mind may have been

* Lately published by Wiley & Putnam.

naturally inclined to reverence, but it is evident that the grounds of reverence would in all cases be subject to close sifting by so bold a questioner ; so that if determined perseverance in the acquisition of knowledge did not keep pace with the disposition to reject what seemed doubtful, it is easy to see that scepticism must be the final result. We cannot but perceive reason to fear that something of this kind did follow in the present case. Goethe's pursuit of truth, though ardent, was not impartial, or, at least, not in all directions equally successful.

Where the faculty of taste largely predominates in a gifted mind, the blunders, the narrowness of view, the bigotry, cant and hypocrisy of a portion of the people called religious, have a powerful tendency to disgust and repel. A mind of still higher tone, or of a plodding steadiness, may be able firmly to keep the reality in view under all these discouragements ; but to a man of brilliant genius, fondly in love with the world and its pleasures, satisfied with the present, and full of confidence in himself for the future, such self-renunciation as results in peace and happiness is apt to seem a chimera, the dream of weak enthusiasm. Yet Goethe closed a life of uninterrupted prosperity and success—a life fed from its beginning to its close with the incense which intoxicates but too surely—with the bitter exclamation that he had seen but four weeks of happiness !

But to return to the earlier day. The future director of the ducal theatre at Weimar, began his career of managership at home as master of a puppet-show, encouraged by the parents during a period of much public and private anxiety lest Frankfort should become the theatre of actual war. When the puppet-show age had passed, plays and tragedies succeeded, by the help of a domestic who had been a tailor by trade, (another *character*) who played the part of armorer for the new undertaking. These things gave way to the quieter amusement of story-telling—a trait which recalls forcibly Sir Walter Scott's striking account of his own early life, a singularly-interesting coincidence in the mental development of these great men.

In this part of the narrative occurs an observation which bears directly upon the common disappointment with regard to precocious children. "Growth is not simple development ; the various organic systems which constitute the whole man spring from one another, are consequent upon one another, change into each other, dispossess and even waste one another, so that after a time scarcely a trace is to be found of many aptitudes and manifestations of ability. Even where the natural powers have a decided direction, it would be hard for the most experienced master to declare

beforehand what it was, although afterwards it is easy to discern what indicated future success." We have always thought that little of a specific nature could be predicted from the traits manifested in early youth. Some celebrated prognostics of future greatness are probably to be set down rather as happy accidents than as the result of prophetic judgment. Perhaps even Goethe, marked as his childhood was, is scarcely to be considered an exception. As a general rule, we suspect the dunces have the chances in their favor ; since late development is decided by the wise to be one of the essential conditions of powers of a high order.

More educators of the poet now appeared, in Von Uffenbach, a nobleman who had been in Italy, and who held concerts at his house ; Baron Von Hakel, rich, childless, hospitable ; who possessed pictures, engravings, antiques and curiosities, and who took some poor people and clothed them, promising them a weekly charity on condition that each time they should present themselves neat and tidy in the gift-dress ; Von Loen, an author, a controversialist and a man of fashion and consequence ; Dr. Orth, a worthy and wealthy man, who wrote on learned subjects, yet not so learnedly but that Goethe had mastered portions of his works while quite a child. Then come the Seckenbergs, three brothers, the eldest of whom was the celebrated councillor of that name—all *characters* ; and Von Moser, another writer, clever and communicative.

Klopstock, too, arose or was risen, at this period ; (Goethe's ninth year,) and the Messiah was eagerly seized upon, although the elder Goethe prohibited the book because it was written in hexameter blank verse—a point which that true father of the artist son considered of sufficient importance to quarrel violently with an old friend about. Meanwhile the true son of the artist father, with his sister, was committing the bone of contention to memory, and electrified the family as they sat round the stove on Saturday night—the father in the act of being shaved for Sunday—by bursting into recitative with his sister—

Help me ! thee I beseech ; nay implore, if this thou requirest !
Monster abandoned, of thee ! oh, thou blackest of criminals ;
Help me ! I suffer the pain of death's eternal avenging.
Once I could hate thee with fierce unappeasable hatred,
But now I may not hate, and that is my heart-piercing
anguish !

When they came to "O ! how I am tortured !" and the sister seized Wolfgang with a gesture of agony, over went the barber's basin into the father's bosom. Hexameters were banished more venomously than before, and a new era opens.



THE PROVIDENT BELLE.

BY ELIZABETH EMMET.

ALADY'S room is an unerring type of herself. Our heroine's was pleasantly situated, for it not only commanded a fine view of the bay, but overlooked a beautiful garden, kept perfectly neat by Miss Sarah, her lame and elder sister. The interior of the room would have been improved by the subdued light of draperied windows, but Agnes could not find time to make curtains, and her wise mother would allow no one to perform the task for her.

The income of Mr. Stacy, the husband and father, was very limited, and his family had retired to the country to retrench. He was, moreover, rapidly hastening to the grave, so it behoved his children to lighten his burdened shoulders as he staggered onward. Sarah plied her needle for this purpose; Agnes looked towards matrimony. Perhaps she thought reading novels, like reading law, was a preparatory step to success. Soiled romances, mingled with dusty pomatum pots, crooked hair pins, untidy combs and brushes, were reflected daily in the toilet-glass, without raising a blush on the brow of the almost constant occupant of an arm-chair, standing ever before the mirror, and, if not ancient in form, clad always in venerable dust. A carpet unconscious of a broom, covered the centre of the floor, the corners being filled with a substance that may be styled the signet of a quean, and resembled soiled down more than any thing we can now think of.

A never-rubbed bureau, from under which a row of dilapidated shoes peeped ominously; four chairs; a disordered book-case, limping on three legs; a trunk, with all the straps agee; and a table, upon which chaos had suddenly alighted; filled the recesses. A bedstead sailing under bare poles, and bearing a confusion of clothes in the centre, stood out in bold relief from a conspicuous part of the room, and had apparently disjoined itself in the vain endeavor to conceal an accumulation of odds and ends thrust under it. The grate

had been converted into a chiffonier, and a wreath of dust-entangled shreds was self-festooned around the unpolished bars. Had Lieutenant S. ever seen this room, we doubt if he would have solicited a hand that seemed only made for show.

Man! though styled the gay deceiver, thou art as often the unfortunate deceived.

The other apartments were under Sarah's care, and displayed her usual neatness and taste. Though destitute of the costly signs of wealth, they had the greater charm of elegant refinement, which money cannot buy. The lieutenant was not rich, and prized the art of living tastefully on a little. He was noble, and despised dependence. He had not even mentioned to his lady-love that he had a wealthy bachelor uncle, who had promised to make him his heir. This was a fortunate omission for the lover, who little suspected the influence it would have upon his destiny. However improvident in her domestic concerns, in the affairs of matrimony Agnes had an eye for the main chance. Her own fortune was invested in her face, with no security save the success of similar speculators. There have been more hazardous stakes. Agnes was formed to captivate. Her figure at all times was striking and graceful, but her countenance was subject to as many phases as the moon. At the breakfast-table it too often resembled a roll of parchment in color; and was generally as cross in expression as that article with a law-suit written upon it. In the evening it might be said to be at its full, and smiled benignantly. When alone with the family it was generally in a partial eclipse, and prognosticated storms.

Hair en papillote, loose gown, slipshod feet, and heels visible to the naked eye through hemispheres in her stockings,—was the usual morning phase of the beauty.

Long ebony ringlets, falling on a neck of faultless proportions; an elegant gown; embroidered hose (the *open* work carefully tucked into the slippers); and all the other pretty etceteras of bellehoo, adorned the maiden when at her full.

Agnes was now twenty-seven; and the host of admirers that once thronged around her had been suddenly dispersed by her removal into the country. She felt their loss the less from the baseless nature

of their attentions. They merely wished to flirt with one so thoroughly drilled in the art ; to be honored by her hand for a night, not a life-time ; to produce the loveliest face at a ball, in which they often succeeded, for Agnes mellowed into more radiant beauty under the touch of time. All these attentions were pleasing enough, but to more serious homage the long-time belle was anxiously looking for permanent happiness. She had some serious admirers, and would undoubtedly have been out of the reach of Lieutenant S. long before she met him, had not fate fought stoutly for the gallant lover.

There was Mr. Wise, the retired ship-chandler, a staid bachelor of forty, who felt the power of her charms when she was only nineteen. Her parents were delighted with her prospects, for he was passing rich. But one unlucky fine morning he was tempted to sally forth and snuff the balmy spring-air. Passing Mr. Stacy's door, and perceiving it to be ajar, he stepped into the parlor, just in time to hear Agnes berating her sister in an adjoining room. As he slipped stealthily away, he, unperceived, caught a glimpse of the beauty, flying furiously through the back part of the entry, her shoes keeping time at every step, and her papilotes bristling around her head like the quills of an enraged porcupine. Four weeks from that day Mr. Wise laid his bachelorship at the feet of the eldest of seven daughters who resided opposite Mr. Stacy ; and Agnes never knew why he transferred his affections to one she had long before voted a 'dowdy,' and 'as stiff as a poker.' Three years after, she caught another wealthy admirer, during a visit to the Springs. Stimulated by her late defeat, she managed her cards most adroitly. Her adorer was middle aged, and excessively neat. He was a keen observer, but for some time Agnes eluded his vigilance. One day, about sun-set, as he sat by an open window, with his inamarata, his attention was attracted by a couple of ladies, taking leave of some visitors, on the steps opposite. He expatiated quite lengthily upon their simple, neat costume, and ended by asking who they were. Agnes colored, as she informed him, for they were Mrs. Wise and her sister. Her confusion did not pass unnoticed. Mr. Simpson was suspicious by nature, and, like many other wealthy bachelors, exceedingly afraid of being taken in. He gained an introduction to the family opposite, and, though his enquiries elicited nothing to her disadvantage, he saw there was something they were too honorable to speak of. This, added to the attractions of one of the ladies, weaned him from Agnes ; and she soon had the chagrin of seeing another truant lover united to a family she had always hated and derided. No one felt these disappointments more keenly than Sarah, who had no hope of a settlement for herself. She loved her sister, and knew

how utterly unfitted she was for a life of privation such as awaited them. Several months after her last desertion, Agnes became acquainted with a young gentleman, who distanced all her admirers in his attentions. He was frank, affectionate, and altogether superior in personal attractions to any of her lovers. He really loved Agnes, believing her to be all he wished ; and, as he had well-founded expectations, she returned his love right speedily. He would have soon declared himself, but for an unforeseen casualty. His father had a fine seat on the Hudson, a few miles from the city, at which the family resided the greater part of the year. It was October, in her fairest mood, and everything around seemed to invite the young to set their blood flowing more merrily in their veins. An excursion to the family mansion was proposed, and it was unanimously agreed that it should be on horseback. Agnes was delighted. Sarah sat up all night to finish her riding-dress, and bought her a velvet cap with her hard-earned savings. As she gave the finishing touch to the dress, she inwardly prayed that it might be soon displaced by a bridal robe.

The day was all they could wish ; just the right temperature and clearness. They were cordially welcomed at the family mansion, and after partaking of a sumptuous collation, the party returned. Agnes left an unfavorable impression. In ascending to a dressing-room, she had raised her riding-habit somewhat high, and thus betrayed to the lady behind her, who was the mother of her lover, a want of neatness exceedingly unbecoming to so young and beautiful a lady. They had nearly reached home, when Agnes' horse became unmanageable. After many attempts to curb him, he reared, and threw his fair rider. She was taken up senseless, and carried home on a litter, hastily constructed of a door and some bedding. To avoid suddenly alarming her parents, a young man went ahead to prepare the servant, who opened the door. Soon as the others arrived, she led them directly to Agnes' room, and then called Sarah, who was in the basement, where the rest of the family were assembled.

Agnes was some time insensible. When she opened her eyes, the doctor and her sister were bending over her. All the rest had left the room, but not without noting its slovenly arrangement. After she had sunk into a profound slumber, satisfied that she was doing well, her companions left. The young gentleman called steadily until she was quite well. The day after she was well enough to go out, he called to take leave. He was about to make the tour of Europe with his sister. The next day he set sail, without one sigh of regret at leaving the fair enslaver. An interview with his mother, and a sight of Agnes' apartment, had cured his love. Sarah silently arrived at the truth.

A few months after they retired to the country, and there for five years, Agnes had meditated on the inconstancy of human affairs, until Lieutenant Stanhope's visit to his parents, who lived near by, threw him in the way of Agnes, to whom he became engaged in less than four months, his term of absence expiring in that time. Agnes acted the devoted, sentimental heroine, to perfection. The lieutenant was charmed by her sensibility, and felt his great privilege in possessing such a heart, little deeming that she never had one. While in New-York, he imparted the secret of his attachment, but not his engagement, to a bachelor uncle, whose heir he was to be. He knew his uncle might pardon the first, but would condemn the haste of the last. His relative heard the news with stolid fortitude. He had some knowledge of the lady, for he was intimately acquainted with Mr. Wise, who had told him the cause of his apparent fickleness to the young lady. He was, therefore, far from pleased with his nephew's selection, but being an experienced man, he concluded that to oppose the marriage would be the surest way of bringing it about. His nephew would be absent some time, and, in the interval, the lady might change her mind, and marry.

Two weeks after the lieutenant's departure, Agnes accepted an invitation to a pic-nic; and as Sarah was also included, they both went. They were much pleased with their excursion, especially Agnes, who had been distinguished by the pointed attentions of a gentleman, who, she was informed, possessed great wealth. As her engagement was secret, she began to indulge hopes, for she regarded the *poor* lieutenant as a mere *pis-aller*. The next day, the stranger called on them, placing a huge bouquet on the centre table, as a gift for the ladies. Agnes would have been better pleased had she been especially designated, but she consoled herself with the thought that it was really meant for her.

In a short time, the stranger became quite domesticated at Mr. Stacy's. He was so attentive to all the ladies, that it was difficult to understand the motives of his intimacy. Agnes would have been quite jealous, had Sarah not been lame and her mother blessed with one husband already. A great change took place in Sarah, she was often sad and thoughtful. Usually, under all circumstances, her spirits had an even, cheerful flow, but now, something evidently preyed upon her mind. Agnes suspected she disapproved of her inconstancy to the lieutenant, who had always been a favorite with her sister.

Agnes had met the stranger quite half-way, and secretly wondered that he did not propose. She was well convinced that he was desperately in love with her. Imagine her feelings then when he asked her to walk alone with him one fine moonlight night. As she hurried down to the parlor all equipped for

the stroll, Sarah passed her on the stairs with a letter in her hand. Her eyes were swollen with weeping and she was pale and agitated. Agnes was about to question her, when the voice of the suitor talking in the porch distracted her attention and hastened her steps to meet him. He was silent some time after they set out. At last he said, "You must have discovered the state of my heart long ago, Miss Agnes. I hope you approve of the direction my affections have taken?"

"I cannot deny it," said Agnes, with an air of great sensibility, "I do not disapprove of it, pardon my candor!"

"Sarah gave me reason to hope that you would not. I little thought when I came into the country, that it was to surrender myself a captive to Love. I came for another purpose, that I hope still to accomplish. Perhaps you think me rather old for a lover?"

"Oh, no!" cried Agnes, eagerly, "I always thought I should prefer a man very much older than myself!"

The suitor seemed to be agitated. "Yet report says," replied he, "that you are engaged, or at least but lately favored quite a youthful suitor."

Agnes was much alarmed. "Does report never lie?" she asked.

"Frequently," replied he; "but I have feared that in this case she only spoke the truth. Is it true that the gentleman's attachment was not returned? that he was attached to you I cannot doubt."

"I have had several admirers," replied Agnes, to whom do you refer in particular?"

"Lieutenant Stanhope. Miss Seebright told me it was suspected you were engaged!"

"Mere talk," said Agnes, coolly. "Poor fellow, I believe he did love me, but I have never thought of marrying him. There is no engagement, I can assure you!"

"It is a great relief to me to hear you say this. If you would only put your denial on paper, I would be happier. Pardon me, but I am forty-five and whimsical. It would be a satisfaction, for then I should know you are in earnest." As he spoke, he drew her towards a bench under one of the trees and they sat down. Agnes felt he was hers. His jealousy amused her.

"And would it make you so very happy?" she asked, coquettishly. "I have half a mind to gratify you." As she spoke she took a card-case from her pocket. It was given her by the lieutenant, and contained a neat little note-book. "Shall I write it on one of these leaves?" asked she, opening the book.

"You are too good," he replied, "if I might ask it."

Agnes paused a moment, then wrote, "I am not engaged to Lieutenant Stanhope." "Will that do, naughty man?"

"If it only had your autograph attached. But you are not going to tear that pretty book?"

"Yes, no; you shall have book and all. There, is not that sentimental, my autograph and all, by moonlight, too?"

He did not kiss the fair hand that extended the book to him, neither did he fall at her feet and declare his passion, but coolly took out his pocket-book, placed her present in it, put it back, arose, and offered her his arm.

"Poor Lieutenant Stanhope will be quite chagrined, I fear, to hear of the marriage of his uncle, whose heir he expected to be. He is a noble fellow, however, and will hardly think of his loss of wealth, in his joy for his uncle's happiness."

"Then you know him!" exclaimed Agnes.

"Yes, quite intimately. His uncle has settled forty thousand dollars on him to console him for his unexpected marriage."

"Who is this uncle going to marry?"

"A very amiable, very intellectual lady residing in the country. He is quite a humorist, and took a pique against the whole sex. He resolved never to marry, but his frosty resolutions have melted before the smiles of one of the most lovely of her sex. After all, dear Miss Agnes, we old bachelors are glad to come to matrimony at last!"

Agnes leaned more heavily on his arm. She was rejoiced to have him return to the subject, for she had felt quite nervous while he talked of others.

"Yes," continued he, "I am satisfied that I shall be happier married. Your father's cordial approval of my suit makes me most happy. And Sarah, God bless her, I know thinks more of my joy than her own. She is a heavenly creature and will be a treasure to the man who wins her."

"Pity she is lame," sighed Agnes, "no man would think of her."

"Lame!" cried he, "that makes her doubly attractive. But I must not speak so loud for here we are at the gate."

He opened it for Agnes, she entered the court sadly out of humor. 'Only half an offer,' thought she. Sarah met them in the porch. "I have been extolling the charms of married life to your sister, I doubt not that my eloquence will induce her to try them. It must only have been her own perversity that has prevented so beautiful a lady's doing it before."

Sarah blushed deeply, and Agnes' good humor was quite restored by the compliment.

He lingered some time on the porch, and then took his leave. Agnes was speechless with astonishment, when she saw him draw Sarah towards him, and kiss her forehead.

"Very brotherly," said she, as the gate swung to after him.

"Have you heard from the lieutenant lately?" asked Sarah, gravely. "Mr. Morris is his uncle!"

"Uncle!" cried Agnes, "why did you not tell me before? His uncle, his rich uncle!"

"I did not know it myself until this evening. He handed me a letter before he went out with you. That revealed the secret to me."

"Did that cause your trouble; I saw you had been weeping."

"Oh, no; father had been talking with me. Mr. Morris had spoken to him. He and mother were so happy, it made me weep. You did not know Mr. Morris was here all the afternoon, while you were at Mr. Raby's, did you?"

"No; I had no suspicion. What was he here for; to ask pa's consent?"

"Yes! How strange for me to be your aunt!"

"My aunt?"

"Yes, if I marry Lieutenant Stanhope's uncle."

"You marry him?"

"Did he not tell you? I thought he took you out to talk about it. Good heavens, how pale you are! What *did* he say to you? Poor man, he must have been too diffident; yet he particularly requested to be allowed to tell you himself."

And so it was. The anxious uncle had determined to trust to no report, but to judge of the lady for himself. He was soon convinced of her utter unworthiness, but was much pleased with the modest Sarah. For her sake he lingered, although secretly disgusted with the advances of the self-deceived Agnes. As he was unknown to all in the neighborhood, except the parents of Lieutenant Stanhope, who willingly kept his secret, Agnes little suspected the presence of a foe, for such he felt himself to be.

Agnes retreated to her chamber, to conceal the mortification that overwhelmed her. That evening, a package, enclosing the note-book, and containing a full account of the late events, was despatched to the far-away sailor. Agnes received a note next morning, promising an utter oblivion on the part of Mr. Morris, in regard to the past—but saying that a sense of duty had led him to inform his nephew of all that had transpired; for he had always been averse to the union, and he told her why. There was a struggle between pride and shame, but the former conquered. Agnes met her new brother with apparent indifference. She made an admirable bridesmaid for her sister, whose nuptials were soon celebrated; and, shortly after, at a social reunion, met her three former admirers in her brother-in-law's sumptuous, tasteful house, perfectly easy, and unmoved. The lieutenant returned with a beautiful bride, and left the sea, amply provided for by his uncle. Mr. Stacy sunk peacefully into his grave. His widow and daughter Agnes resided with Mr. Morris. The former surrounded by her grand-children, enjoying a happy old age, the latter still handsome, hoping on, hoping ever.

SUMMER MORNING IN THE CITY.

BY SYBIL

DR. FRANKLIN once felt it his duty to apprise the *haut ton* at Paris, that the sun rose early in the morning; intending (economical soul!) to give them the opportunity to save many thousands of pounds annually in wax candles. I would not wish to be suspected of an economical motive, since nothing would be more sure to condemn me unread, by the very readers whose attention I desire to attract. Economy did well enough for Dr. Franklin's day. The French philosophers had brought it into fashion; and it was because Franklin, in his stout shoes, blue worsted stockings and plain suit, seemed the personification of the new *furor*, that the beautiful Madame Helvétius bestowed on him the never-to-be-forgotten kiss. If he appeared at court now, even in democratic America, with so little sacrifice to the *bienséances* he would be likely to receive anything but kisses; since the index has gone round since that time, to the opposite side of the dial.

Not with a squinting at economy, therefore, but solely for the curiosity of the thing, would I persuade my fair friends—if there be any left in the city—just once, by way of adventure, to rise early enough to discover what a summer morning in the city is. I do not speak of sunrise; it may seem incredible to some, but it is really day a long time before the sun begins to set the east on fire with the farspreading gold that forms so magnificent a background for chimneys and steeples. And further, there are classes of people awake and astir hours before the sun, in order that all the breakfast delicacies may be ready for Miss Julia and her mamma, when they choose to enhance the day by opening their eyes. One may know the hour on a clear warm morning, by the earliest rumble of grocers' and market-men's carts. It is then three o'clock, as near as may be, and many of the wheels sound as if they were still very sleepy, while others dash along with desperate resolution, shaking the windows as they pass. After this earliest squad—this van-guard of the industrial army—has passed, there usually occurs a considerable interval. It seems at first like silence, but after the ear-vibration has subsided a little, one becomes aware of the crowing of innumerable cocks—public-spirited creatures, who do their best to arouse the lazy, and apparently nearly split their throats in the service. I have little doubt

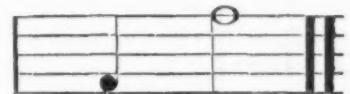
they steal a later nap now and then, after waking all the neighbours. I know several housewives who do this, as soon as they are sure every soul in the house is afoot. Hunt speaks of the pleasure of "being in bed at your ease, united with the highest kind of advantage over the person that is up. It is a lordly thing," he says, "to consider that others are up and nobly doing some duty or other, with sleepy eyes, while we ourselves are exquisitely shutting ours." This is a kind of lordliness enjoyed by many during the morning hour, but I am by no means sure that they have the best of it. On the contrary, much observation of the getting-up class leads me to believe, that in a fine flow of spirits to begin the day with, they have something of which to boast over those who are more intentionally luxurious.

The earliest wheeler through the street after day-light is the milk-man, and of all he is the most joyous. Mark the air with which he clatters up to the kerb-stones, so close that the slope of the street gives his frail waggon the very last cant it will bear without upsetting his tall cans and the vehicle together. Then hear the cheery whoop with which he calls out the sleepy damsel of the kitchen—not a plaintive semi-tone like the charcoal-man's,



Char - coal! Char - coal!

nor a sad minor, like the fruit-woman's, nor the octave in which the anxious mother calls her truant boy, thus:



Jem - my!

but a wild, funny, unwriteable howl, expressive at once of haste, good-humour and good understanding with the cook, who is to pop up from the area. If she does not come at once—and she seldom does—liking 'lordliness' perhaps, as well as her lady—the jolly milk-man shouts once more, with the addition of "wide awake!" or, "all alive

now!" or "come, my girl!" though this last is generally reserved till the papilloted head comes in sight. With the earlier milk-men this is all; for there is something of a sobering effect in the cool morning air. But the later ones, warmed with the sun, and perhaps somewhat exhilarated by much whooping and the sight of a good many pretty faces, sometimes venture upon little tricks; like one I witnessed lately. The girl was sweeping the side-walk when the cart drew up, and she dropt her broom and ran in for the pitcher. The moment her back was turned, the milk-man jumped out of his cart, seized the broom, hid it behind a tree, and was in his seat again in an instant, looking laboriously unconscious. When the damsel came with the pitcher, she glanced round after her broom, but said nothing; but, while the milk was lading out, slyly stole the whip from the station where it hung jauntily outward, and put it behind her back unobserved. The milk-man handed her the pitcher before he perceived the theft, but it was only an instant. And then such a leap, such a flight, such a laugh, such a spilling! People who lie a-bed late might well envy such spirits, rude though the expression of them may be.

After the milk-man comes the baker—grave and sometimes crusty, for he has been up a little *too* long. The oven-heat of his home, too, has something unnatural and exsiccating about it. He is always thin, reminding one of Colman's hero, that looked like "two single gentlemen rolled into one" when he went to lodge with a baker, but came out after a few weeks a perfect 'atomy.' Your baker has his face ploughed in wrinkles, from the solicitude with which he watches the operation of his leaven; or he is tired with working the cracker-machine. At any rate he is usually of the soberest, especially when flour is low, for then he knows people will expect large loaves; while in times of scarcity he may make them unlimitedly small, pleading the necessity of the case. He is always slow to believe in the fluctuation of prices downward, but timid and easily alarmed when quotations add a shilling to the barrel. He is interested too in the price of potatoes, and they *do* say in that of certain mineral substances; but for particulars we must refer the reader to "Accum on Culinary Poisons."

All this time, ash-carts, dirt-carts, grocers' carts and empty carts have been rumbling along, making such a noise that one can scarcely hear one's-self think. The sun has risen above the chimneys, and the rain of yesterday glitters on the oriental-looking boughs of the ailanthus-trees, as the light breeze makes them tremble. Two forlorn rag-pickers have already made a minute search through the neighborhood, especially in a vacant lot at the corner—a sort of Golgotha,

where every body throws every thing that has no particular destination, and some things that have—coal-ashes for instance, which rise there in mounds that threaten to rival the (I forget its name) Hill in Rome, whose foundation is pot-sherds. The golden sun now glorifies all, however, even the place of rubbish and stramonium, and makes the long rows of windows in — street blaze with splendor. The birds, whose twittering song passed unnoticed during our observation of the carts, now seem newly awakened, and fill the air with ruralish sounds—not quite rural, for one wonders where they live—in what smoke-dried and dust-clogged evergreens and altheas—for, if they dared build in the street trees, their twitter would be short. Oh! the grape-vines with which the yards in the upper part of the city abound, afford them fine shelter, doubtless, with the aid of the few fruit trees that still hide their diminished heads, or hang them over the neighbors' fences low-spiritedly. Much of the singing, at this later hour, must be from the canaries and other caged birds that begin to show at the open windows, 'striving which can, in most dainty variety, recount their sorrow.' Sweet sounds, but suggestive of red-hot knitting-needles.

The ice-men, chilled, perhaps, by associations belonging to their craft, do not make demonstrations as early as others. Indeed, it is but now and then a phenix among them that gives you your ice in time for breakfast. But when they do come, they have a hurrying, jolly air, that is very pleasant. They spring out, milkmanishly, clinking the great dangerous-looking tongs, and *grabbing* the destined lump with a decided air, make it swing from side to side. But look into the cart. What more than grotto-like coolness! One can scarcely believe that those enormous blocks are 'soon to slide into a stream again,' or that now, rocky as they are, one could split them with a pin. It must be confessed that, ungainly thing as an ice-cart is, with its straight, poking, green body, there is none, of all that pass on a hot morning like this, whose rumble is so musical.

The fruit-women are all this time chanticleering along, with ever a sad tone in their screeching. It may be fancy, but I can always hear in that cry a complaint of some sort. I hardly know how to interpret it. Perhaps it bespeaks only a less hopeful nature than animates the gay milkman. Or it may relate to the uncertainty attached to selling so perishable an article as fruit; or to the remembrance of domestic affairs suffering at home, while the mother tries to gain a few pence by toiling through the street, hour after hour. Here is a case where one may reasonably wish one's toil to be fruitless, but the poor woman cannot console herself with quibbles. There goes one who has a chubby daughter with her—one walking on one side of the street and the other opposite—both

screaming, but alternately, and with a pretty variance. This is not so melancholy; for misery, even on a small scale, loves company.

That stout Irishman, lazily pushing the pineapple cart, is a contrast to the anxious fruit-woman. His face expresses, to be sure, great discontent, that the world does not better appreciate the merits of a son of Erin than to allow him to work such hot weather; but his setting-forth of his wares has a funny sound, and seems to defy fate. I should like him better, as a fruit-seller, if he had some infirmity (besides whiskey), for it seems hard that able-bodied men should usurp the few chances that feeble people and women have for getting bread.

The sweet song of the chimney-sweep is comparatively rare in summer; and it is not, at any season, very prominent among the morning sounds in these anthracite days. But what music the dark-skinned people, who enjoy this profession by prescription, can make! There is one who passes my door sometimes with an Italian recitative in the softest tenor voice, yet filling the air with a volume of sound. If nature had but bleached him, he could make his fortune on the stage. As it is, they would not let him sing even *Otello*.

But I am falling into an inventory of all that has passed my window since I could see to write, instead of bringing motives for my dear reader to get up and partake my pleasure. Inducements

drawn from mental improvement are trite and tame, I know, but yet there is a pleasure in 'thinking one's thoughts' at an hour when the mind is peculiarly free from cobwebs; and what we learn before other people are up, always clings to the memory. I dare not speak of the 'roses' which the poets tell us are in store for those who rise early enough to steal them from Aurora, for fear some pettish miss should inquire after mine. I must not even allude to the pretty little domestic offices that the affectionate daughter and kind sister may perform before tired papa, or lazy brother, is stirring; the hulling of the strawberries, for instance, with rosy fingers, or cutting up the rich peaches with dripping ones. I am told, that to recommend the least attention to the *ménage* will be fatal to my New-York reputation as a writer—a point of solicitous effort with me. Perhaps I may be allowed to say, that the morning is the best time for musical practice, especially with the voice, which is never so perfect after eating. But that reminds me (indeed, I have thought of it already several times,) that, among all the benefits of seeing the sun to arise, there is none which strikes me more vividly than that which has reference to this same common-place matter of eating. I can assure my delicate readers, that to get up at five, and write for three hours, is the best of all ways in which to secure a capital appetite for breakfast. I speak from experience.

TO MARY, AT THE ALTAR.

Put on the chain, fair bride!
And let it ever be
Thy sweetest joy, thy noblest pride,
Thou art no longer free;
No longer free, but bound
With links that cannot part,—
That wreath their silken meshes round
The fibres of the heart:
That bind the very soul,
And make two beings one,
As streams from different founts that roll
Together smoothly run.

Put on that golden ring,
The seal of endless love—
The only pure and changeless thing
Vouchsafed us from above!
If e'er thou feel'st it bind
Around the swelling vein,

Deem it an angel hand entwined
Within thine own again,
To lead thee gently back,
By love's subduing power,
O'er memory's bright and perfumed track,
To this most sacred hour.

A blessing on thy vow!
A blessing on thy way!
May every promise whispered now,
In love's bewitching lay,
Be to thy future life
So faithfully redeemed,
That thou may'st find—the joyous wife—
Whate'er the girl has dreamed—
Mayst find that God has given
The signet of his truth,
And writ for time, and sealed for heaven
This vow of early youth.

FRANK.

THE GOLDEN BALL.

A TALE OF FAERIE.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN

"In olden dayes
All was the land fulfilled of Faerie—
The Elf Queen, with her jollie companie,
Danced full oft in many a grassy mede.
This was the old opinion, as I rede,—
I speak of many hundred years ago—
But now can no man see the Elves mo.

Chaucer.



N the hushed and silken chamber
Of my childhood, Eleanore,
When the day-light's dying amber
Faded on the dusky floor;

While the village bells were ringing
At the hour of evening prayer,
And the little birds were winging
Homeward through the dewy air;

Wooing me to twilight slumbers
In that soft and balmy clime,
Often have I heard the numbers
Of the ancient fairy-rhyme;—

Listened to the mythic stories
Taught when fancy's charmed away
Filled with visionary glories
All my childhood's golden day.

In the dull and drear December,
Sitting by the hearth-light's gleam,
Often do I still remember
Tales that haunt me like a dream.

Often I recal the story
Of the outcast child, forlorn,
Doomed to roam in forest hoary,
From the step-dame's cruel scorn.

Long she wandered, sad and lonely,
Till the day-light's dying bloom
Left one silver planet only
Trembling through the twilight gloom.

Orphaned in this world of sorrow,
Chased by savage beasts of prey,—
Doomed from frantic fears to borrow
Strength to bear her on her way

Still she wandered, faint and weary,
Through the forest wild and wide,
Till her thoughts grew dark and dreary,
And her heart with terror died.

When a gracious fairy, wandering
Forth to greet the evening star,
Found her near a torrent, pondering
How to pass its watery bar.

Tenderly the gentle stranger
Led her to the foaming fall,
There, to guide her feet from danger,
Down she flung a Golden Ball.

Shrined within its charmed hollow
Many a mystic virtue lay;—
Safely might her footsteps follow
Wheresoe'er it led the way.

Throbb'd her heart with fear and wonder,
As the magic globe of gold
Onward through the rushing thunder
Of the stormy torrent rolled.

On, where boundless forests, burning,
Scorched the air and scathed the sight,
From earth's livid features turning
Back the solemn pall of night.

Still, on golden axis rolling,
Onward, onward, still it sped—
Still the maid, her fears controlling,
Fleetly following as it fled:

While the raging waters bore her
Safely o'er their hollow way,
And the flame-lights flashing o'er her
Paled like stars at break of day—

Paled before her virgin honor—
Paled before her love and truth;
Savage natures gazing on her
Turned to pity and to ruth.

So she passed through flood and forest—
Passed the grinding iron gate,*
And when danger threatened sorest,
Calmly trod the path of fate.

Till the night that seemed so dreary,
Grew more beautiful than day;
And her little feet, so weary,
Glided gently on their way—

Glided o'er the grassy meadows
Steeped in perfume, starred with dew,
Glided 'neath the forest shadows
Till the moonlight, slanting through,

Gleamed athwart a fountain sleeping
Calmly in its hollow cells,
Where were little fishes leaping
All about the lily-bells.

Soon the lilies seemed to shiver,
And a tremor shook the air—
Curdled all the sleeping river—
Woke the thunder in its lair!

Lo! a fish from out the water
Rising, oped its rosy gills;—

'T was the gracious fairy's daughter,
And the air with music thrills,

As a sudden glory bending
O'er the fountain's mystic gleam,
Changed her to a form transcending
Fantasy's divinest dream.

Water blooms, with olive twining,
Crowned a brow serenely sweet,
Robes, like woven lilies shining,
Flowed in folds about her feet.

With a look of soft imploring
Thus she spoke in rippling tones,
Sweet as summer waters pouring
O'er a bed of pebble-stones:—

"Thou hast conquered, little stranger!
All thy bitter trials past,
Safe through sorrow and through danger
Thou hast won the goal at last.

"Lift me from the silent water—
Let me on thy bosom lie,
For I am a fairy's daughter
Thrall'd by cruel sorcery.

"Doomed beneath the wave forever,
Like the virgin Truth to dwell,
Till a mortal hand should sever,
Link by link the charmed spell.

"Till a faithful heart should fold me
To its home of truth and love—
So the ancient Fates have told me,
And the answering stars approve.

"Lift me, then, from out the river,
Now my charmed life doth cease—
Henceforth I am thine forever,
Guard me, for my name is Peace."

Thus, dear child, the mythic story
Chimes to truth's unerring strain,
As the moon in softened glory
Sings the day-star's sweet refrain.

Thus, though step-dame nature chide thee,
And the snares of passion thrall,
Unto steadfast Peace shall guide thee
FAITH'S UNERRING GOLDEN BALL.

* This gate crushed those who lingered and hesitated, while the courageous passed safely through.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD

THIS splendid wonder of the Floral world, with its many large snow-white petals—its numerous recurved stamens surrounding the style, and diffusing a sudden burst of sweet perfume around, through the silence of night, seen, as it can only be, by a lamp or the moon, has a kind of unearthly, vision-like appearance. It expands in the evening,—blossoms for an hour or two,—begins to decline towards midnight, and is all dead before morning. Its transient being, with so much beauty, purity and sweetness, inspires a feeling akin to awe, with thoughts of the solemn and spiritual.

Ah! what was it, so heavenly fair
Too sacred for the day,
Unfolding to the moon and stars,
So quick to pass away;
The precious odors from its heart
So sweetly to release;
When air was in a holy calm,
And earth was hushed to peace!

The floral train were fast asleep
Beneath their veil of dew
So heavy, scarce a stellar ray
To kiss them, waded through;—
When this strange beauty was revealed
To Vesper's sinless eye,
To vanish, as the morning dreams
Of Sabbath slumber die.

A lone, night-blooming mystery!
Whence was its beauty caught?
Why was its raiment heavenly pure
For but a moment wrought?
A midnight death!—At morning, gone!
Yet here, with mystic power,
Its precious sweets diffused around,
As 't were a Spirit Flower!

And may not spirit agents wear
A bloomy vesture here,
Addressing, through our outward eye,
Our inmost spirit's ear

They do!—in Sharon's lovely Rose
The spirit smiled below—
In Judah's spicy Lilies spake,
Two thousand years ago!

The floral myriads softly bear,
Traced on the leafy scroll,
Or told in angel whispers, each
A message to the soul!
But this unsullied, phantom bloom
'Mid silent shades evolved—
How must the heart interpret it?
How shall the dream be solved?

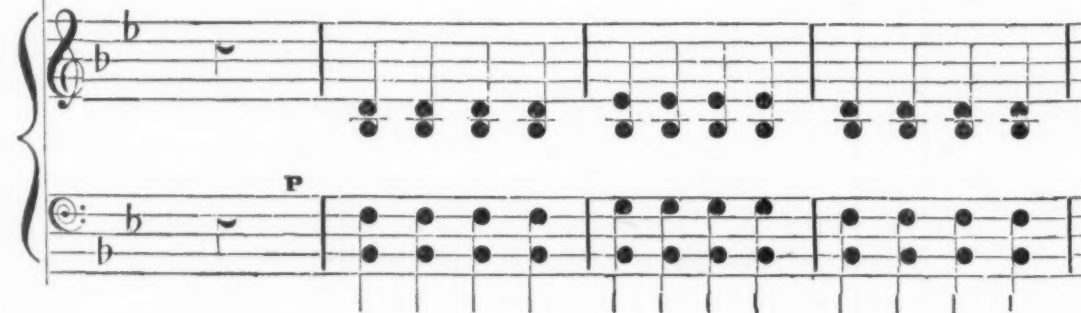
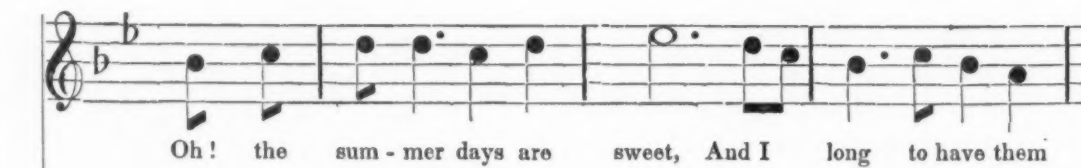
It was a minister of love—
A vision of the night,
That took the form our sun ne'er saw,
Of fragrant flowery white!
It came to warn us not to place
Our trust in earth and time;
Then left its veil to show the rest,
And sought its native clime.

And, hath not some dear vision smiled,
In form of human mould,
To thee, on earth just long enough
Its pinions to unfold?
And when thou fain hadst held it fast,
Thy path of life to cheer,
Did not it drop its vesture, mount,
And leave thee darkling here?

SUMMER DAYS.

POETRY BY MISS ELIZA COOK. — MUSIC BY MISS ANN SLOMAN.

Andante.



com - ing. How my pulse would glow to meet Shadows in the arbor seat,

Crescendo. **F**

And dance to hear the beetles' hum-ming. Oh, the sum - mer days are bright.

P

II.

Oh! the summer days are fair,
 And I long to see the thicket,
 When the grasshoppers are there,
 And roses flush out every where—
 By garden wall and cottage wicket.

III.

Summer days will soon be near,
 And I long to have them nearer;
 For with sunshine, rich and clear,
 And fruit, and flowers, and all things dear,
 They will bring me something dearer

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

MODERN PAINTERS. By a Graduate of Oxford. *New-York: Wiley & Putnam.*

Up to the present time the American public have not sought or received pleasure from works of art merely as such. They have admired paintings and statuary when the scene or figure depicted had of itself an interest connected with common life, or with the country's history. They have praised and loved poetry when it brought to mind some of the tender, or solemn, or spirit-stirring experiences of life. The works that have, perhaps, given the most pleasure of all, have been those which refer to our early history, the sacrifices and triumphs of our fathers, the gradual improvement of society among us, the researches into the first settlement of our continent, and the characteristics of those enterprising, wild, humorous, powerful Western brethren, whose relation to ourselves is at once a glory and a problem. If Washington Irving's description of foreign matters interested us, it was because it was the view taken by an American; the same things said by Colonel Napier would have attracted little or no attention. If we devoured the *Life of Columbus*, it was with a similar motive, and the added one of learning all that was to be known of our discoverer. That this all was charmingly told, was certainly an additional pleasure; but it was not the principal one. When Mr. Bryant describes an old man's funeral, or the evening flight of a wild-bird, tender sympathies and recollections are stirred within us; and we feel a thrill of pleasure not wholly independent of our sense of the artistic power displayed, but not referring directly and consciously to that source.

We would not substitute the pleasure to be derived from art for that which springs from nature—from sympathy and experience; we would only enhance the latter by means of the former power. It is possible to love nature better through a knowledge of art. It is delightful to know why we are pleased. The rustic gazes with indifference on a scene that would enchant a painter; and the poet wastes his fine thoughts if he find not an instructed ear. Knowledge then, though it may change our standards, and so, perhaps, pull down from its pedestal in the heart some object of instinctive preference or admiration, will for the one doubtful love substitute a thousand well-founded ones, and enable us to draw pleasure from sources which can never fail, since they depend on immutable principles.

Every day brings forth something which encourages us to believe that a new era is dawning upon the artistic capabilities of our country. Not only do our artists at home and abroad more and more frequently extort the admiration of those who are in no haste to praise; not only do the few encouragers of art among us grow more and more munificent as the good fruit of their wise liberality returns to bless and cheer their homes; but the number of those who take an interest in the works thrown open to their view, and their inclination and ability to criticize, seem to double with every returning year; so that what would have passed very well with the crowd a few years ago, is now rejected with disdain. Evidently, as we think, there are great numbers of people who covet the refined pleasure which belongs to the fine arts, and who, at the same time, are disposed to inquire what ought properly to engage their attention, and direct their judgment.

As far as these remarks refer especially to painting, the work with whose title we introduced them is a trial, by liberal publishers, of the depth of the interest on the part of the public. In the judgment of those who are universally con-

fessed to be most competent, '*Modern Painters*' is an able exposition of the fundamental principles of all Art, with a particular reference to Painting, and a still more pointed applicability to Landscape Painting, to which the author has evidently devoted himself. He declares that he was incited to the work by the injurious tone of the criticism of the day, which exalts the false and the theatrical, and studiously depreciates the true and great, thus misleading and degrading public taste. It thus becomes the imperative duty, as he thinks, "of all who have any perception of what is great in art, and any desire for its advancement, to come fearlessly forward, to declare and demonstrate, wherever they exist, the essence and the authority of the Beautiful and the True." The work grew upon his hands, and the result is, as we have said, a finished treatise on the principles of Art, elaborated with the skill of a master, and depending on foundations broad and deep enough to sustain the whole magic circle of polished stones, which, fitted together as one, constitute the heaven-aspiring walls of the temple of Beauty.

We were so desirous of the re-publication of this book, and urged it so warmly, that, to say truth, we feel our honor not a little concerned to make good our assurance, that the public mind was prepared for it. It is not a book for an hour's lounge or a day's skimming. Few will take it in at one reading, however attentive. It asks study, or at least patient and thoughtful perusal; and whoever, with any love of the theme, bestows this, may take our word for a goodly amount of pleasure and improvement.

LIFE AND OPINIONS OF MADAME GUYON, with some notices of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray. By Thos C. Upham. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers.

These handsome volumes, graced with two portraits, treat of two of the most interesting characters in the whole circle of French biography. Madame de la Mothe Guyon was one of those deeply-devoted persons, who in pursuit of the highest good are not content with the beaten track, but constantly aspiring after greater attainments, gradually shake off the grasp of earthly interests, and seem to live in heavenly places, while they yet tabernacle in the flesh. She might have been one of the worshipped graces of the luxurious court of Louis XIV., but she was smitten with a far holier ambition. This was not an age when independence of sentiment—especially religious sentiment—could be pardoned; and Madame Guyon became an object of bitter persecution, in which, we regret to add, the great Bossuet did not hesitate to join. "I hoped to find in you a FATHER," said she to this prelate, "and I trust I shall not be deceived." "I am a father," said Bossuet; "but I am a father of the Church." And the result of his fatherly care was, that she was thrown into the Castle of Vincennes, and afterwards into the Bastille. But we cannot even give the slightest sketch of her trials and sufferings. Fenelon, great in goodness, was her friend and defender, and, of course, to a considerable extent, her fellow-sufferer. A large amount of fine poetry enhances the value of the book; for Madame Guyon was a poet as well as a saint.

ARABIAN NIGHTS. Parts I. and II. C. S. Francis & Co.

A beautiful American re-print of a book which furnishes, perhaps, as much of the 'stuff that dreams are made of' as any other that we could mention. This has long been needed and wished for, and the book produced is just what was wanted. Paper and print unexceptionable; illustrations

graceful and suggestive, and price extremely moderate; nothing mars the pleasure of possessing a work without which not only no library, but no youthful imagination, can be considered thoroughly furnished. The work, when finished, will comprise six numbers, or three volumes; the first of which Messrs. Francis have already elegantly dressed in scarlet and gold.

WIGHTWICK'S HINTS TO YOUNG ARCHITECTS; with Hints on Building, by A. J. Downing. *New-York: Wiley & Putnam.*

The public is already so familiar with Mr. Downing's books on Gardening and Rural Architecture, that, perhaps, the best recommendation of an author with whose name we are not acquainted, will be the fact, that his work is thought by Mr. D. worthy of an American circulation. We may also add our word, since we have read Mr. Wightwick's Hints with great satisfaction; and should certainly recommend its perusal to any friend who might consult us about building a homestead. It is exceedingly plain, practical and thorough, and not written in a dry, crabbed style, like too many manuals of the kind.

REMINISCENCES OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE AND ROBERT SOUTHEY. By Joseph Cottle. *Wiley & Putnam.*

This Joseph Cottle is one of the brothers whose names Lord Byron, in the thoughtless heat of his wild Norman blood, amused himself by ridiculing, in 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' A noble poet who should step aside, in our day, to hold up inoffensive and excellent men to derision on so trivial a ground, would soon be convinced that the public did not sympathize with him. Indecencies of that kind are banished as far off as the Sunday papers, at least; and we hope when an international copy-right law brings in the new literary era, they will be still farther to seek. The Messrs. Cottle, Joseph and Amos, seem to have been able most warmly to appreciate, and willing most generously to aid, the two great poets whose names characterize the book, who were anything but favorites of the fickle goddess in the early part of their career, whatever Southey may afterwards have become. The course of Coleridge is that which excites most interest; and Mr. Cottle brings forward many facts corroborative of what has been said of him, but never yet published in any biography. The truth respecting his unhappy habit of opium-eating, and the efforts of his friends to redeem him from it, form a melancholy portion of these reminiscences;

and altogether the book is one which we would be sorry not to have read.

THE WORKS OF FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS. An entirely new translation, by the Rev. Robert Traill, D.D. With notes, &c., by Isaac Taylor, of Ongar. No. II. George Virtue, *London and New-York.*

It is not often that works so elegant as this come under our notice. The utmost luxury of print and paper, and the most lavish display of exquisite steel engravings, are employed to set off the time-honored work of the Jewish historian, and the learned labors of the lamented Dr. Traill, who fell a victim to duty, in his efforts to relieve some of the misery which he witnessed about his Irish home. We are assured, in addition to the intrinsic claims of this splendid work, that its sale is designed to afford assistance to the bereaved family of the translator. We are sure it must commend itself, on all accounts, to the notice of our men of wealth and taste. Six of the very finest engravings, besides architectural drawings, illustrate this second number.

THE GOOD GENIUS, THAT TURNED EVERYTHING INTO GOLD. Harper & Brothers.

The Good Genius began with the edges of the book, which are richly gilt, doubtless with fairy gold; and some of the gold of the Messrs. Harpers has bought a beautiful illuminated cover, which shuts in wealth untold of amusement and gently-insinuated instruction, not to speak of the quaintest and most amusing pictures of the Bee changing the Forest into a Fleet; summoning up from the Earth a Fountain of Gold, &c., &c.

We have received also:—Proverbial Philosophy (a pocket volume); Tyler's Tacitus; The Complete Angler; or, the Contemplative Man's Recreation, by Izak Walton; and the Alphabetical Drawing-Book, from Messrs. Wiley & Putnam; Schmitz's History of Rome; Summer Tours, or Notes of a Traveller; Louis XIV., Part I.; The Soul and the Body; Men, Women, and Books, by Leigh Hunt; Pictorial History of England, from Messrs. Harper & Brothers; Shakspeare Novels (three, including the Youth of Shakspeare, Shakspeare and his Friends, and the Secret Passion), from Messrs. Burgess & Stringer; Cobb's Argument against Corporal Punishment as a means of Moral Culture, from the author; and the Knickerbocker, American Review, People's Journal, &c., all of which are crowded out for this month.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

SEPTEMBER.—This month, characterized in England as 'poppy,' because the shooting begins with it, is somewhat poppy among us, too, though from a different cause. It is the month for running in and out of town; those who have been out all summer beginning to think about carpets and curtains, preserves and pickles; and those who have been in, finding the summer rather longer than they expected, beginning to contrive short jaunts, and visits to friends within convenient distances, in order to know how country-air really does taste. This popping in and out grows more and more striking as the month advances; the town is in a flit and flutter, preparing for cold weather; just as fowls fidget, change places, fly up, fly down, and anything but sit still reflectingly, when they perceive the approach of night.

Madame Anna Bishop is the nightingale, which begins to sing in the midst of this hubbub; the Chinese Junk the old turkey, strutting alone in his glory, thinking of nothing but

the grand show he makes. Whatever it may be the fashion to make of September, Nature has evidently intended it for one of her gayest and most joyous and *sans souci* months. It overflows at once with beauty and abundance; splendid colors and soft shadows belong to it; and delicious fruits and refreshing breezes. We never go out upon the glad waters of our beautiful bay, on one of these rich mornings, without a secret wonder whether there is on earth a spot more blest with all that can make mere life a pleasure, than this, our Island City, surrounded as it is on all sides with the means and appliances of enjoyment. And in this glorious, golden month, every advantage, whether natural or extraneous, is brought home to the heart and the imagination, by the influences of the season.

These influences, a foretaste of those which belong to the full autumn, have long been supposed to affect the manifestations of genius. It is believed that the poet, the painter,

the musician, acquires added power of expression after the sun has entered Libra. We hope it is so. We love to believe in 'skyey influences,' and it will not be our fault if our readers do not become converted to this faith by our October number.

LETTERS FROM ITALY tell us of the continued presence in that land of three of the noblest literary spirits of the age, to wit: Mrs. Jameson, the subtle critic of art and human life, who was last seen floating in a gondola in Venice; Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, at Florence, after a winter at Pisa; and Miss S. M. Fuller, at Rome, where she arrived a few days preceding the Holy Week. Much as we may anticipate from the culture and refinement, and previous literary achievements, of the two former, it is not too much to say, that if Miss Fuller publishes a book at any future day, on Italy, it will be of still superior interest. To the resources of scholarship, and the suggestions of a liberal, healthy, individual nature, will be added what Europe cannot of itself give, the back ground for her observations of a fresh original country, as far in advance in opportunities for the development of humanity, of the one she visits, as the latter is richer in the accumulations of Art. We are glad to learn that Miss Fuller receives on the continent the distinguished attention to which her literary and personal qualities richly entitle her.

OIL OF STONES.—'Sermons in stones' we had heard of before, but it remained for the French Institute to enlighten the world by means of a 'mineral oil' obtained from the mines of Autun. We are told that this remarkable liquid has many valuable qualities; among the rest, that of not staining by contact, and of yielding a remarkably clear and steady flame. This shows that the manufacture has yet to reach the highest pitch, and also that the oil is adapted to wicked purposes. May it not be a mere figure after all, this oil? Perhaps some miserly Autunnois, out of whose flinty heart none could ever squeeze one drop of pity, finding his lamp expiring, and himself in need of extreme unction, has endowed a hospital, or granted a supply of butter in perpetuity, to a neighboring orphan asylum. Possibly, though hardly so, some wealthy publisher, feeling compunctious visitings at the last, has left proportionate sums for the relief of the various authors by whose labors he grew rich. In any point of view the story is a remarkable one.

EDUCATION.—It is objected of many of our 'finishing schools' that their *finishing* is totally irrespective of any *beginning*. Young ladies revel in the ologies before they can write a decent letter, and learn the polka before they can spell poker. How many dainty crow-quill notes are dated 'Teusday,' and if any sad occurrence is to be communicated, call it 'melancholly news.' But people have very different views of education. The other day, in a steamboat, we heard a lady, who was coaxing a refractory varlet, whisper, "If you'll be a good boy, you shall *kill a chicken* when we get home."

INDIFFERENT POETRY.—It is fearful to think of the deluge of this article at present. Since reading has become general, the 'fatal facility' of berhyming other people's thoughts has tempted many to try their fortunes in verse, who have not the knowledge, skill and patience, requisite for writing a single page of good prose. It is time this matter were understood. It is a complete delusion to imagine that one who has no thoughts for prose can write poetry; yet we are calmly desired to believe this, every day. No poetry is worth reading which cannot be written out in interesting, racy prose; for it is the thought that must give value to both. A mere jangle of words deceives many people. It rings on the ear like verse which has pleased them, and they do not perceive that it lacks vitality, and even common sense. We have no doubt the writer of the piece from which the following lines are taken will be surprised at our judgment of it, but it is the same which we are obliged, in common honesty, to pronounce upon much whose authors we are sorry to disoblige.

Be firm in thy leal
To the true and the high,
While proud tones and foetal
Float up in life's sky;
Trust, oh, trust only
Thy soul's brighter wing,
Till the air seem living
By halo crown'd thing.

And here is another specimen:

The purling streamlet's melody
Will as angelic music seem—
Inspired with sacred psalmody,
Our songs shall be of saintly theme
Then come with me, beloved one;
For virtuous passion such as ours
Can breath in sacred spots alone,
Deriding there world's evil powers!

Both these writers had good thoughts floating in their minds, but were unable, or lacked industry, to present them distinctly, and as a continuous and meaning whole. Would we could persuade all to master *prose first*, unless among our correspondents should be some 'born' poet, whose inspiration will take no other form but that of the 'lofty rhyme.' With inspiration, our prosaic strictures have nothing to do. Pegasus never would bear a martingale.

FISHING.—We have so often objected to fishing, as an amusement, and have shuddered so sincerely as our friends recounted their exploits in this line, that we were rather pleased to meet, in the 'Youth's Cabinet,' a most capital, sensible, lively little periodical, for children, edited by our correspondent, the Rev. F. C. Woodworth, a defence of the art, less quaint and recondite, certainly, than the logic of Izaak Walton, but home-put and applicable. "This business of fishing, once in a while, is not a very disagreeable employment to me. I like it. What is the use of mincing the matter? I do take not a little delight in introducing a mammoth black-fish, for instance, to a new element. It has been objected, that the fish themselves are not partial to these introductions. Very like. But if they should happen to escape the fisherman, they would probably fall into the jaws of some greedy shark or other. Besides, it is a part of *their* business to thin out the ranks of the smaller fish. And I want to know—since it is mercy that people talk so much about—why we can't afford a little *mercy for the lower classes*? Look at the aristocracy of the thing. How does it come to pass that a great fish is so much more deserving of mercy than a little one? . . . I confess I should not take so much delight in fishing, if I believed the victims of my powers of persuasion had all those delicate sensibilities which people ascribe to them. I do not believe they have. The fish is very low in the scale of animal life. What angler of any experience has not caught the same sun-fish twice within a couple of minutes? . . . Some years ago two young gentlemen were fishing in a lake, and their stock of bait became exhausted. They then picked out the eyes of the *dead* perch, and baited their hooks with them. They caught several fish in this manner. One of the fish so caught struggled so much, as they were taking him off the hook, that by some accident the hook took out one of its eyes, while the fish escaped into the water. The hook, *with this bait upon it*, was thrown into the water, and in a few minutes the fugitive was caught again, having taken his own eye for a bait. What do you think of that, Mr. Philanthropist? . . . On the whole, there are many kinds of amusement current in this world that are much less innocent than that of angling. So thought the pious old Walton, two hundred years ago." We are quite obliged to Mr. Woodworth for meeting some of our scruples, and shall read the new edition of Walton's *Complete Angler* with new relish. Next month we intend to ask the reader how he likes Walton, and to give him our own opinion. This month of September is the time to read him.

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The number now issued, notwithstanding the *desagremens* invariably attending a first appearance, has about it an air of vitality which it is impossible to mistake. There are no less than *six* engravings from original designs, with contributions from all, or nearly all our most distinguished authoresses.—Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Kirkland (the editress), Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Goodman, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Embury, Miss Gould, Mrs. Ellet, &c., &c.; besides a few papers from John Neal, Lanman, Mancur, Jones and others.—“The Union” is published at three dollars per annum.—*New-York Courier and Enquirer*.

THE UNION MAGAZINE for August is before us, and a most magnificent number it is. It is highly embellished with engravings from original designs by T. H. Matteson, besides many illustrative wood-cuts. The mezzotint, by Sadd, “Taking the Advantage,” is an exquisite piece of art. Then, how true to life! What lover has not taken the advantage? We might plead guilty to the “soft impeachment.” How much more delightful a kiss is enjoyed when stolen, as is represented in this engraving. But we would advise all love-sick swains not to be caught in such an act by the “old folks.” The editor calls it a “piece of impertinence.” Indeed! who could have refrained from “taking the advantage,” at such a time, and when such a beautiful rosy cheek was the object of attraction? The “Wanderer’s Return,” is another beautiful engraving. The literary contents are from the pens of some of the most celebrated magazine writers in the country, the mere mention of whose names is sufficient to give character to the magazine. Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Russel, Mrs. Sigourney, Arthur, Tuckerman, Benjamin, &c., &c., not forgetting, of course, the editor, Mrs. Kirkland. The fashion plates, the editor says, and she ought to know, are of the prevailing modes. The Union has now fairly entered the field, and we think it is destined to bear off the prize. Its typographical appearance reflects great credit on Mr. Post, its publisher.

It deserves success, and no doubt will receive it.—*Ballston Journal, Ballston Spa, N. Y.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—The August number of this splendid magazine, edited by Mrs. Kirkland, has just made its appearance, and we can freely say it is not surpassed by any magazine in the country. The work is embellished with five wood-cuts, a magnificent mezzotint, entitled, “Taking the Advantage,” a beautiful line engraving, “The Wanderer’s Return,” and a plate of Fashions for August. The typography is in the very best style, and the literary matter of the first order. The contributors to this number are, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Ellet, Miss Gould, Tuckerman, Benjamin, Hoffmann, Briggs, Arthur, and others of note in the magazine world.—*Democratic Union, Harrisburgh, Pa.*

UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.—The second number of this new candidate for public favor has been received. We have seen nothing in the form of a literary magazine to exceed the present number of this work. It is illustrated by eight engravings, in the highest order of

the art, both as to design and execution. The contents are entirely original and from the most celebrated authors in our country. All that is necessary to secure for this work a patronage second to none in the country, is to secure the attention of the public to its merits.—*Rhinebeck Gazette, Rhinebeck, N. Y.*

UNION MAGAZINE.—The August number of “The Union” appears better, even, than the opening number of the work, and that was considered excellent. The externals and internals of this magazine are equally good. The embellishments, paper, typography and general mechanical arrangement, display scarcely less taste and judgment than are evinced in the more important particulars.

The engravings in the present number are numerous, no less than eight in all. Of these, five are wood-engravings of merit, from original designs by Matteson, in illustration of contributed papers. The admirable quality of the paper permits the well printing of these cuts, and they form one of the telling features of the magazine. They are a mezzotint, a line engraving, and a fashion-plate, the latter colored. The contributions (besides the editorial matter, which is very good,) are by Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Orr, Miss Gould, Miss L. O. Hunter, Miss Russell, Benjamin, Tuckerman, Briggs, Hoffman and Arthur.—*Rochester Democrat, Rochester, N. Y.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—Is out for August, and we cannot see how it could well be improved. There is an inimitable mezzotint, a costly line engraving, a superbly-colored fashion-plate; five of the best engraved and best printed wood-cuts we have ever seen, and two pages of original music. The contributions are by Mesdames Osgood, Sigourney, Kirkland, Hewitt, Ellet, Butler and Orr; Misses Gould, Hunter and Russell; and Messrs. Tuckerman, Benjamin, Arthur, Hoffman and Briggs. The editorial matter (by Mrs. Kirkland) is much higher in tone, and has far more point, than is usual with our three-dollar magazines. We learn from the best authority that the “Union” is already on the most secure footing, and we prophesy for it a very brilliant success.—*New-York Sun.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE.—The August number of Mrs. Kirkland’s charming magazine is already published. It is very tasteful in general appearance, and its literary contents are of course of the highest order of merit, being contributed by some of the most distinguished writers in the country. The publisher is lavish of engravings; besides a colored fashion-plate, and several illustrative wood-cuts, the number before us contains a beautiful mezzotint by Sadd, “Taking the Advantage,” and “The Wanderer’s Return,” a handsome line engraving, by McRae.—*Journal of Commerce, N. Y.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE for August—it being the second number—has been laid upon our table. It is one of the most beautifully-executed and most ably-conducted monthlies in the market for public favor. Though much of it must be classed with light reading, yet its moral tone is good.—*True Wesleyan, N. Y.*

TERMS OF THE UNION MAGAZINE:

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THE UNION MAGAZINE.

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THE DOCTOR. Designed by T. H. Matteson. Engraved expressly for the Union Magazine, by T. Doney.

THE JUSTICE'S COURT. Designed by T. H. Matteson. Engraved expressly for this Magazine, by M. Osborne.

FASHIONS. Two figures, colored. By T. P. Spearing.

THE PARTED LOVERS.

MIKE SMILEY.

THE PROVIDENT BELLE.

THE GOLDEN BALL.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHIONS.

Dress in green lilac glossy Italian taffety, trimmed at the skirt with two flounces of black lace, ascending corsage, gathered at the shoulders and brought round the waist in front with a belt and buckle; long sleeves, tight to the arm, and gathered at the wrist with a band; bonnet in crape of saffron color, adorned on the front with small bias folds in crape and three folds of ribbons in taffety, forming little fluted frills, falling one above the other. Iron-grey silk dress, adorned with two broad scoloped flounces; flat corsage, low neck; flat sleeves, finished with plaited muslin, closed round the neck by two muslin puffs; blue silk visite, rounded in front with a seam on the shoulder, and open sleeves taken in the seam, trimmed with two rows of lace a little gathered; bonnet in white crape, trimmed with a large feather hanging over the left shoulder, with pink flowers inside.

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A specimen number will be sent to any one wishing to see it, on application to the publisher, post-paid.

It is particularly requested, that persons wishing to communicate with the Editor on any subject connected with the Union Magazine, should do so through the PUBLISHER, 140 Nassau-street.